SATURDAY NIGHT.

Vol. 5, No. 40 | The Sheppard Publishing Co., Proprietors. Office—9 Adelaide Street West. | TORONTO, AUGUST 27, 1892. | TERMS: Single Copies, 5c. Per Annum (in advance), $2. | Whole No. 248

Around Town.

The people of this good city of Toronto are blessed with a patience that passeth all understanding. Were it not so, there would be a small insurrection and the derricks and stone hookers and stumping machines that stand on the site of the new City Hall would be decorated with the corpses of several contractors, architects, judges, lawyers, aldermen and a couple of right worshipful mayors. That this time-killing crowd, which has been playing a brazen game for a couple of years around the excavations on Queen street at the corporate expense, should still be going through the same antics is proof that the patience of the citizen has no particular limit.

***

The new City Hall and the Parliament buildings were planned about the same time; the latter may be pronounced completed, but the former has scarcely raised its outer walls above the ground. As the months drag by, the expense of delay increases, and each year the city now loses over forty thousand dollars by the incompetence of somebody. Where is the weakness, or where the criminality? If the contractor is responsible for these endless delays, fire him—fire him in the morning and have a new man and a great staff at work before the sun sets. If, when he is fired, he thinks he has a case of damages against the corporation let him bring it on, but rush things and let the final hearing of the suit be in the new and finished Court House. If it is not the contractor but the architect who is in fault, fire him. If he thinks he has a case of damages against the city, let him bring it on. It is about time the city damaged somebody in retaliation for the grievous damages it continually sustains because of the incompetence of its representatives and the rapacity of those with whom it deals. The city should look around for someone to damage beyond repair; it should smash and crush and break through the sinister influences which are always trying to soothe it into a state of coma. If the contractor and architect are both deserving of blame, away with both of them, and let their fate have a salutary effect upon their successors.

***

Somebody must go, and the going cannot be too sudden and tragic for the future good of the city. Every intelligent man in town knows very well that the entire management of this new city hall and court house has been one long serial blunder, unrelieved by even one gleam of competence. The site cost much more than the estimate; the buildings will far exceed in cost the amount originally voted for the purpose; the time set for their completion will only see them begun, and we can trust to each month, as it comes, to develop some new aggravation. There exists no firm hand to guide the interests of the city and prevent shipwreck. The policy now is, and has of late been, not preventive but remedial; not sailing a decisive route, but drifting along complacently with that wrecking tug of the law, S. H. Blake, steaming behind to pull us off the reefs at five hundred dollars a pull. The mayor of a city like this should not be a man who would stand in small terror of law and lawyers, but one who would proceed upon the assumption that right is right and that the city should progress with the same unshaken directness as an individual in his private concerns, leaving on any opposing interest the burden of repulsing such progress. Would any of the great insurance companies, or banks, or railways in putting up one of their immense buildings submit to such delays as have occurred in building this new City Hall? If one-fiftieth part of the delay should occur the keen man of affairs at the head of any such concern would make a vigorous enquiry and turn things around pretty lively. The manager of a company will put up with no humbugging, but a mayor in posing for the applause of a mob can neglect vital interests if only he is artful in the theatricalities of his office.

***

Here is another season gone and the civic buildings have practically been at a standstill. A few workmen have been puttering around at remote angles of the wide foundations, while crowds of unemployed men have been refused work there. The high fence which shuts in the still and awful mysteries of the place is boarded up at each aperture with signs forbidding the citizen to put an inquisitive foot within the enclosure. In vain has he looked from the street for the first sign of the uprearing structure, and the City Hall has now become a subject for minstrel jokes. The blame is laid upon the contractor, but the people have nothing to do with the contractor. Nor have the people anything to do with the architect. The Mayor represents the people, he is business manager of this corporation, and on him lies the blame of permitting the public to be swindled and trifled with by these expensive delays. Were he a man of decision such liberties with the corporation would not be attempted. But he is a pantomime performer and little else. He makes the most of little things, is a big man in small emergencies, an enormous impediment when in the neck of a water bottle, but only a floating cork when upon the river.

***

Take his record on big things for the year and see how empty it is. I have referred to the City Hall, a vital thing which he has not found time to think about. Then there is Ashbridge's Bay, the reclamation of which is as remote as ever; and the Esplanade agreement, by which the city is held fast, yet to which it has neglected to hold the railways. The street railway developments of the summer, too, show that the Mayor is too busy posturing to attend to big things. He must have foreseen, as everybody did, that the trolley system would be adopted because none other could be, none other being seriously in the race. Yet knowing that the trolley had disadvantages which citizens would discover after it was put in, he opposed it and will hereafter be regarded by grumblers as the wise man whose wisdom was disregarded until alas! too late. Those who find no fault with the trolley will be expected to forget his opposition to it. That proves him a tactician, but it would be well if henceforth he would be more of a mayor and less of a tactician, for his studied by-play has thrown the work of reconstructing the system so far back as to seriously damage the Industrial Fair. That will be the effect, for despite the promises of officials it will be found that some of the streets will be endwise during the Fair, on which traffic will be difficult or impossible, and it will almost certainly happen that the electric service on King street to the Exhibition grounds will not run without a hitch when only completed two days before the Fair. It should have been completed at least a clear fortnight earlier in order to let experiment show imperfections and to give time to remedy them. Not only was valuable time lost at the caprice of the Mayor in sending out missionaries to cities across the border, but when the work did commence it was carried along for all the world like statute labor on country side-roads. At times there does not seem to be more than a dozen men for each mile of torn-up roadway. The stores all along Queen and other streets might as well have been closed up as kept open while the new tracks were being laid, for most of the merchants did not take in enough cash to pay for their electric lights. Yet, notwithstanding the injury that was thus being done to trade, operations were not expedited. The work of transformation loitered along most exasperatingly.

***

But while the Mayor failed to push the work along, yet mind you he is a Tactician, for did he not suggest that three gangs of workmen be employed to be kept on eight hours each so that the enterprise could proceed night and day until completed? He had that suggestion published in his name in the papers and will take refuge behind it in escaping blame for the financial injury done to business people through the slowness of the work on the streets. Only a Tactician would content himself with making so timely a suggestion to a newspaper reporter—a practical, solid man would have impressed the proposal with irresistible emphasis upon the City Engineer, the Board of Works and the Council. When the Mayor had frittered away weeks of valuable time in making up a mind whose bulk is not unwieldy, as to which system to adopt, the least atonement expected would be that he should hurry things when he did cease to be an obstruction. But the damage done to business men, the injury done to the Fair, are matters of indifference to His Worship, for can he not prove next nomination day that he suggested that gangs be put to work night and day? For campaign purposes he considers the fact that he suggested the thing just as good as though he had put it into effect. Yet there is this difference, half the business men in town have lost heaps of money that they need not have lost had the city been governed by a man of affairs instead of a pantomimist.

***

With regard to the City Hall, let the Mayor in the name of common sense seize hold of it and do something blood-curdling. If it is too late this year, if the season has been altogether wasted beyond recovery, at least let him vary the languor of his attitude in the matter by such a Dinah's clearing now that next year no one in any shape connected with the building operations will dare to retard progress. Let him not shoulder responsibility on the solicitor and provoke endless litigation, but let him force an immediate investigation and take signal action, leaving anyone who is hustled out of the path to assume the onus of instituting a legal action. Take the aggressive! So far the progress of the new civic buildings has been a disgrace to Toronto.

***

When a man expresses the opinion, as men often do, that it is the personal virtues of Queen Victoria which make a monarchy in Great Britain tolerable, I always think that he is jumping at a conclusion and that he is an admirer of theoretical liberty instead of the simon pure article. When a man says that the first step of the Prince of Wales upon the throne will touch a secret spring, setting in motion machinery which will oust him and all his royal relatives from their high estate and speedily transform the monarchy into a republic, I always think that here is a man who is so contented with certain ready-made opinions that he observes nothing transpiring around him. Here is a man who contrasts, not the actual republic with the actual monarchy of to-day, but the ideal republic as first conceived but never realized with the monarchy as it was in its unregenerate days when its oppressions and idiocies distorted the trees of France into guillotines and gave the American colonists the choice of being either serfs or rebel heroes. Such a man has failed to observe that monarchies have learned wisdom through the violence of the penalties paid for its follies, and that profiting from what it has learned from the fate of France, Great Britain can sit on its foundation of rock and be attentive to whatever instructive lesson is seen in the risky experiments of the French and the Yankees. By a smooth series of progressions the British people have come to be as potent in the affairs of their nation as are the noisy citizens of any republic, and with a throne for an anchor they preserve a stability of government impossible where there are periodic upheavals in choosing a president. Gladstone once said that the British constitution is a thing grown, while the United States constitution is a thing made; that the British constitution is the most superb growth of the enlightened centuries, while the United States constitution is the most marvelous thing ever struck off at a given time by the hand of man. When you examine the matter closely you will see the singular penetration and accuracy of that comparison, and I think you will see, too, that although the growth was a small thing on the day when the manufactured article was produced—small and narrow when set side by side—yet it being a thing of growth and a growing thing, the other a magnificent completion, it has expanded and reached up until after the lapse of one hundred years it is rather ahead than behind. You may erect a gorgeous pole; you cannot manufacture a living tree. The British constitution occupied a century in overtaking that of the Republic, but it is a thing of growth; it has its ancient roots pillared in the soil and bitted in the fissures of the rock-bottomed isles. With the palace as a storehouse for the power belonging to the nation, the representatives of the people are the deputies of the Queen in utilizing that power. Friction cannot occur, so beautiful are the adjustments, and under no conceivable circumstances can an emergency go unmet, since Parliament spans the distance from throne to polling-booth.

***

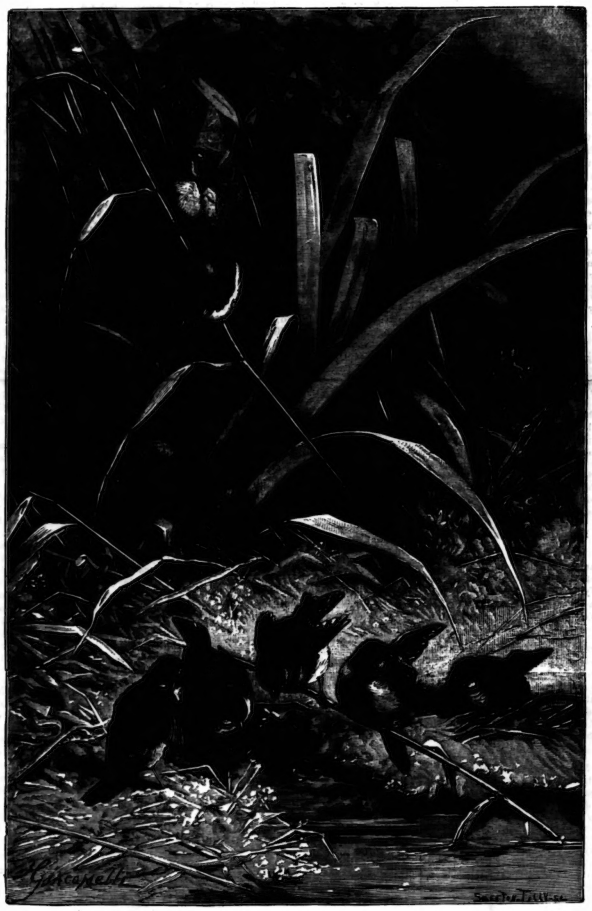
But in the United States constitution certain powers are entrusted to the President, certain powers to Congress, certain powers to the various States, and then the individual sets up a claim to all the privileges not specially enumerated as belonging to any of these three authorities. If what he wishes to do is not forbidden in black and white, he calls it an infraction of his liberty to interfere with him; and if it is forbidden, the power which forbids it must disclose its authority. The individual is supreme, and there is no community. As a New York paper said the other day, the riots going on in different parts of the country are causing grave concern among thoughtful men, because they show that "there is nothing between us and anarchy, save the fear of the militia." Over at Buffalo, striking trainmen made such demonstrations that the State militia were called out, armed with rifles and bayonets. They form fifteen encampments and are guarding sixty miles of railroad track. The miners of Tennessee, in striking against convict labor, have taken up arms to resist the militia which were sent out to suppress the disturbance and protect the mines wherein the prison-gangs labored. At present time of writing, one small detachment of soldiers sent across the mountains are missing, and it is feared they have been surrounded and slain by the miners. Three thousand men attacked Fort Anderson, captured the stockade, but were repulsed by means of a howitzer. Several soldiers were killed and wounded, and twelve miners killed and fifty wounded. General Carnes was ambushed when marching by night and eight men were killed. The President will be asked to send Federal troops to restore peace in Tennessee.

***

The condition of things which provoked this attack may continue a few years longer and give rise to another civil war. But the line of division will not be as distinct as before. The struggle will resemble the revolution in France more than anything else in history. Laboring men will fight against those who have long sought to starve them; mill hands will demolish mills and make weapons of pieces of machinery; engine drivers will blow up their engines; carpenters will put torches to the buildings which they erected, and if owners get in the way it will be unfortunate for the owners. Workingmen are too law-abiding and intelligent, some may think, to resort to such violence, but think you not that over in the States the capitalists are too free at turning loose murderous Pinkerton gangs, and that the State governors are too ready to send out the militia to aid the millionaires? Against capital, labor can only oppose organization. Deplore strikes as you will, before they were inaugurated the laborer was defenceless; and now, if, after he has bettered himself a little, an armed soldier is put up before him to crowd him down again or to block his advancement, think you he will not put on as stout harness as the soldier wears and presently annihilate his enemy, the soldier? To allow labor troubles to develop into a contest of physical strength is the worst blunder that capital and the State—between whom there is a secret confidence—could make. When the civil war broke out it did not take long for the working people of the country to reach the front, where they fought with discipline and intrepidity. It would not take long for the sons of the same men to organize and wipe the State militia and Federal troops out of existence. The miners of Tennessee are a disorganized, poorly armed multitude, but grind them into silence to-morrow and by this time next year they will be better armed, organized and officered. Meet labor with a loaded gun and it will meet you gun for gun at the next crossing. It must do so, or suffer.

***

Already there are proposals to drill a fighting regiment of workingmen to show strikers fair play. Presumably the State desires peace; presumably capital desires the security of property, yet having ten armed men under their joint command they send these out to disperse two hundred angry men who can easily procure arms and who, once enraged, could demolish the soldiers, capital and the State in one rush. It is an unwise way of gaining temporary mastery. The fault is with the State, which allows every man to be his own avenger and forces him to be his own defender. It refuses to see that the differences



A SYLVAN NOOK.

between capital and labor as seriously menace modern peace as once did the vanity of kings. What the State requires is not a large standing army, but a little more investigation into abuses and a great deal more of the scant commodity called justice. The Government should recognize the truth that labor and capital constitutionally disagree, that a soldier is an annihilator and not a reconciler, and no matter on which side he fights nor how invincible he may prove, the chronic disagreement will remain to perplex the State and to employ the soldier; and having recognized this truth, the Government should set about the task of umpiring and arbitrating such differences as arise, doing it fairly and with trembling lest Labor should in anger raise its vast hand and crush the transient power that trifles with its multiplying wrongs.

The organs of the Ottawa Government are very bravely shouting the slogan: "There will be no backdown now." When a man retreats until he backs plump against a stone wall over which he cannot clamber; when he crawls down a well until he touches the bottom; when he runs up a lane and finds it no thoroughfare; when he flees, is overtaken and brought to bay, surely there is no great virtue then in standing on the defensive. This canal season is nearly over and the heroic posture struck by the Government now will not require to be long maintained. In eight or ten weeks navigation will practically end until next year, before which time it is bargained that the rebates shall cease. It would indeed be a strange thing if any further backdown were made with so short a period to run and with only a twenty cent toll upon our shipping at the Sault.

In an interview, Mackenzie Bowell, to clear the Cabinet of the charge that it had promised Blaine that it would abolish the rebates last spring, most emphatically and carefully proves that he, Sir John Thompson, Mr. Foster and Sir Julian Pauncefote unanimously declined to do or to promise anything of the sort, although such a course was urged and argued upon them by Mr. Blaine on the two occasions of the visits to Washington to discuss reciprocity. In his indignation, Minister Bowell waxes so frank and confiding that nothing is left to be desired by those who contend that our Ministers have made a holy show of themselves in this entire transaction. The Minister of Militia finally establishes the truth that the Ministry of which he is a member time and time again reiterated its belief in the righteousness of that rebate, and time and time again refused to touch it at the request of Washington—refused to see any force in the arguments of Blaine that the rebate involved an injustice to the Republic. The Ministry, in conscious righteousness, was very firm. But when Harrison turned his attention this way and shook his fist, our Ministry re-examined the treaty and interpreted it altogether differently than before. It is a strange case of the influence of hostile matter over tricky minds. Encouraged by this experience, presidents of the United States will hereafter more frequently explain disputed clauses of International treaties by the eloquent and convincing logic of the up-lifted Fist.

MACK.

Fresh Air Fund:

Previously acknowledged	$198 60
Two Brewsies, Goderich	1 00
Total	$199 60

Social and Personal.

A pretty wedding was celebrated in St. Margaret's church on Wednesday afternoon at half-past one o'clock. The bride was Miss Persis Adelaide Stoddard, and the groom, Mr. Harold John Child. The ceremony was performed by Rev. R. J. Moore. Miss Stoddard's *robe de noce* was a simple and becoming gown of cream white silk, with a bell skirt which was perfectly plain, except for a number of tucks. The bodice was *en corselet*, strapped with ribbon, and a loosely-shirred guimpe. The bridal hat was a very stylish shape of white, velvet-covered wire, with Irish lace and ostrich tips, and the bouquet was of white roses. Wee Miss Doris McAllister officiated as maid of honor in a Greenaway frock of white liberty silk, and large fancy hat with pink and white rosettes. She carried a basket of flowers. The bridesmaid was Miss Annie Stoddard, sister of the bride; her dress was a delicate mauve and white organdy, and white ribbons, a large leghorn *chapeau* with tips and ribbons, and her bouquet was of pink roses. She and the little maid of honor wore gold crosses with the initials, in pearls, of the bride and groom, these being the gift of the groom. Mr. Reginald Percy Knights was the groomsman, and a large number of guests made up the wedding party. A dainty *dejeuner* was served at the residence of the bride's parents, 25 Alexander street, and a reception held from two to five p.m., at which four generations of the bride's family were present to offer congratulations. Elegant presents were bestowed by many friends upon the happy couple, and cablegrams and telegrams bore messages of congratulations. Mr. and Mrs. Childs left for Sturgeon Lake by the afternoon train, and will reside on their return at No. 16 Selby street.

A charming annual affair is the Viola picnic, which took place on Friday of last week to Frenchman's Bay. Everything combined to make the day most enjoyable, and a repetition of the excursion is much desired. Among the invited party were: Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Williams, Mr. and Mrs. C. Brown, Mr. and Mrs. E. Cox, Dr. and Mrs. Britton, Mr. and Mrs. Cosgrave, Mr. and Mrs. Homer Pingle, Miss Hatch, Miss Louise Brown, Mr. J. T. Matthews and Dr. Elliott.

A very sad and unexpected event was the death of Mrs. H. P. Davies on Sunday last. The fact of Mr. Davies being absent on business in England lent additional pathos to the taking away of his bright and popular young wife, whose loss is sincerely mourned by a large circle of friends to whom she had endeared herself as much by her winning and lovable qualities as by her personal charms.

A New York paper says: The most successful and brilliant cotillion ever given in Bar Harbor was the Leap Year German at the St. Sauveur. The guests were received by Misses Arthurs, Violet Perkins, Weatherspoon, Johnston and Elliot. The handsome Canadian, Miss Arthurs, looked very lovely in pale pink *crepe* and floating pink ribbons.

Willard H. Thurston, editor of the Flesherton *Advance*, was in the city last week, having ridden the entire distance on a solid tire bicycle. He made seventy miles on Thursday, over all kinds of roads. He started on the return trip Saturday afternoon, intending to spend Sunday with A. R. Fawcett of the Streetsville *Review*, and no doubt has reached home by this time.

Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Jackson and Mr. and Mrs. Baustaugh of Seaforth, were the guests of Mrs. J. T. Clark, Mackenzie crescent, for a few days last week.

Miss Emilie Brasier has returned home after a pleasant holiday of two months in Orillia.

Mrs. G. A. Case and family of 12 Spadina road have returned from Maplehurst, Muskoka.

All Saints' church was the scene of a very quiet wedding on Wednesday afternoon, August 24, when Miss Clara Piddington was united in marriage to Mr. Robert A. Shutt. The ceremony was performed by Rev. H. C. Shutt of St. Catharines, brother of the groom, assisted by Rev. Mr. Boyd, curate of All Saints' church. The bride was supported by her sister, Miss Nellie Piddington, and the groom by Mr. Frank Climo. The happy couple left on a trip through the Eastern States, taking with them the best wishes of their many friends.

I hear that the gaieties which will accompany the tennis tournament at the Queen's Royal, Niagara, next week will be quite unequaled in the long history of that venerated summer resort. There is assured a large gathering of tennis "cracks" from both sides of the border, and many interesting and pleasant meetings will take place across the nets. The festivities begin with a tournament ball on Thursday evening in the Queen's ball-room. On Friday evening a concert followed by a dance will wile away the evening hours, while on Saturday will come the last hop of the Niagara season. The Yacht Club has arranged a cruising race to Niagara that afternoon, a circumstance which will add to the attractions of the end of the summer at this charming resort. I believe the ladies' singles in the tennis tournament will see some encounters of especial interest, as it will be the first time that Miss Osborne, the Canadian champion, will meet some of the fair champions from across the lines. I hear of a number of society people who will wind up their summering in Muskoka or at the seaside with Tournament week at Niagara.

The Misses Foad of 15 Grenville street are at Hamil's Point, Muskoka, Lake Joseph.

Captain and Mrs. M nly have returned from a trip on the upper lakes.

Miss Edith Smith of Prescott is the guest of Miss Cecil Day of Jarvis street.

Dr. J. Churchill Patton of 189 Gerrard street east left by the Majestic *en route* to Europe, where he purposes visiting the hospitals of London, Berlin and Vienna.

Miss Elizabeth King, who was the guest of Miss Elsie Johnston at Elsenore Island, Muskoka, returned to the city last week after spending a most delightful vacation.

The Misses King Dodds are at Burlington Beach.

Invitations are out for the wedding of Miss Bella Wymn of Peter street and Mr. George Stewart of Wyld, Grasett & Darling. The event will take place on Wednesday afternoon next, at two o'clock, at the Church of the Ascension.

Mr. F. D. Power, in an Italian sketch in the Cincinnati *Christian Guardian* remarks: "I fell in with a young lady teacher from Toronto with four girls under her care, who was tipping guards and getting access to interesting things which nobody else could reach without a pass." The "teacher" and the "girls" will no doubt be obliged to this zealous but mistaken gentleman.

Miss Larene Mosetta Fanson of Danville, Ill., has returned home after a short visit to Toronto, her former place of residence. Miss Fanson was the guest of Mrs. Mortley at the Island.

Rev. George Nattrass, brother of Dr. Nattrass of this city, is spending his summer holidays in the Adirondacks. Mr. Nattrass is rector of the charming little parish of Kingsbridge, New York, where he is as popular as he used to be in Toronto.

Dr. P. R. Shaver of Stratford, Rev. Dr. Griffin of Galt, with Dr. Herbert Griffin of Hamilton, sailed from England for Canada on August 23, per steamer Gallio.

Mrs. A. G. Savigny has returned from a lengthened outing at the Lake Shore House, Sand Banks.

Dr. William Nattrass and Mrs. Nattrass of 42 Carlton street have returned from Heydon Island, Muskoka, where they have been the guests of Colonel G. T. Denison, father of Mrs. Nattrass. They, like all the rest of our Muskoka pilgrims, report a most delightful and beneficial visit to the Canadian paradise.

Mr. P. E. W. Meyer, Berlin *News*, and Mrs. Moyer spent a few days with Mrs. Moyer's mother, Mrs. William Ardagh of Seaton street, on their return from a trip down the St. Lawrence.

Mrs. Alphonse Steers has been visiting friends in the city. She returned home this week.

Miss Stewart of Hamilton is visiting Mrs. Beard of 53 Alexander street.

Mr. and Mrs. Smith of Ottawa were in the city recently for a few days.

A most delightful garden party was given lately by Mrs. Walker of Scarboro' in the rectory grounds. A large number availed themselves of the hospitality of Rev. Mr. Walker and his kind wife and spent a very pleasant time.

Mr. and Mrs. Grayson of Hamilton have been visiting at Port Credit.

The young people of Scarboro' are anticipating with pleasure the lawn social which is to be held on August 31 in aid of St. Jude's church.

Mr. McKeggie of Barrie was in town last week.

Very handsome gifts were presented to Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Summers one evening last week by a number of the employes of John Kay, Son & Co. The bride was the recipient of a beautiful plush chair, and Mr. Summers received a handsome oak secretary and chair.

Mr. P. Lampman has gone away for a holiday trip.

Miss Macdonald of Cobourg is visiting relatives in town.

Mrs. Huson Murray and family have been summering at Orillia.

Mr. Charles Kortright of Barrie was in town last week.

Miss Massie and Miss Wilson of Hamilton have been spending a few days with Mrs. Wilson of Eglinton.

Miss May Bastedo of Newmarket returned home last week after spending an enjoyable time at Kew Beach.

Mr. W. Cotter of Barrie was in town recently.

Mrs. Stephens of New Haven and Mrs. P. M. Clark of Montreal have been visiting Mrs. Humphries of St. James avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. R. Simpson and Mrs. W. Hamilton-Merritt have been sojourning at the Hotel Geissback, Lake of Brienz, Switzerland.

Miss A. Maud Dunn of Park Cottage, Port Hope, is paying an extended visit to friends in the city.

The marriage of Mr. Bob Walker, who has just returned from Europe, and Miss Millie Bridgland is announced to take place early next month.

Mr. and Mrs. Jack King, and Mr. and Mrs. C. S. Wilbur of New York are spending a week at the United States Hotel, Saratoga, *en route* to Lake George and the White Mountains.

Mr. and Mrs. G. N. Williamson of Fenning street have returned home from Lake Simcoe and Northern Lakes.

The following ladies and gentlemen have been guests at Chateau de Mona, the summer residence of Dr. Bridgland, Bracebridge: Mrs. Sharpe and daughter, Miss Eobert the well known vocalist of Knoxville, Tenn., Miss Sanders of Orillia, the Misses White and Scholey of Toronto, Mrs. Bridgland and the Misses Beatrice, Gertie and Mona Bridgland, the Misses Kirk, Miss Lopp and Miss Pratt of Bracebridge, Mr. W. H. Bennett, M. P., of Midland, Mr. Aubrey White, Assistant Commissioner Crown Lands of Toronto, Col. Shaw of Montreal, Mr. B. J. W. Lopp, L. D. S, Judge and Mrs. Mahaffy of Bracebridge, Mr. H. B. Bridgland, Major F. Bowden, Mr. B. H. Myers of Los Angeles, Cal., and Mr. J. M. Teviotdale.

Rev. Dr. Parker of Barrie was in town lately.

Last Saturday afternoon the University lawn held an attraction for a number of cricketers and their friends, viz., the match between the Torontos and Rosedale. It was with great interest that the majority of those present watched the game and sat it out, so to speak; others were only transient spectators. Among those I noticed were: Major Cosby, Mr. and Mrs. Gamble, Mr. Smith, Dr. and Mrs. Jones and party, Mr. F. and Miss V. Mason, Mr. and Mrs. Greer, Mr. Brooks, Miss Beardmore, Miss Hamilton, Miss T. Mason, Mr. Carter, Mr. Schofield, Dr. Cæsar and others.

Miss Grace Cameron of Goderich is visiting Mrs. Graham Cameron of this city.

Miss Marguerite Dunn, the talented young elocutionist, who is pursuing an advanced course in elocution and oratory in New York, is in town for a flying visit. She intends returning permanently in a few weeks to fill engagements and resume classes.

A number of Torontonians are staying at the Southgate Hotel, Prout's Neck, among whom are: Mrs. Bourlier and family, Miss Ellis and Miss Hodgert. I am told that Miss Ellis is, as usual, a great favorite. At a fancy dress ball, given at the Southgate recently, the following Canadians took part: Miss Ida Wilson of Cumberland, Ont., peasant girl, striped skirt, brocade corsage and white blouse; Miss Edith Wilson, Lady Pompadour, handsome crushed-strawberry plush skirt, faille silk bask same color, powdered hair, gold and pearl ornaments; Miss Hodgert of Toronto, fortune teller, brown satin skirt decorated with cards, nile green bodice, *crepe* scarf, turban of red silk, silver bangles caught up with diamond star; Miss Edith Edwards of Ottawa, Baby, long white robes, lace bonnet and terra cotta sash; Miss Ida Edwards of Ottawa, *Poudre*, handsome mauve faille silk dress, ostrich feather trimmings, powdered hair, diamond and pearl ornaments; Miss Bol Edgar of Montreal, flower girl, pink silk dress with lace overdress, ornaments, flowers, carrying basket of flowers; Miss Elsie Patterson, white daisy, green silk gown, white daisy head-dress; Miss Helen Patterson, yellow daisy, green silk gown, yellow daisy head-dress; Miss Addie Kaler of Prout's Neck, Gypsy, red skirt, yellow corsage, red blouse, striped turban, head ornaments; Mr. McKay Edgar of Montreal, sailor boy; Mr. Boyd Edwards of Ottawa, Turk; Messrs. Pat Edwards, Archie Patterson, Tom Edgar, John Hussy, minstrel troupe; Mr. Lennie Blackburn of Ottawa, Japanese.

Among the guests at the Ocean House, Bowery Beach, Maine, are: Mrs. Grantham, Miss Shanklin and Mrs. George A. Burnham of Toronto. Mrs. Grantham and Miss Shanklin return to Toronto next week. Mrs. Burnham goes to the Crawford House, Fabians, and White Mountains with P. A. Mackinnon, general manager Concord & Montreal Railway, and party, and will return to Toronto about the middle of September.

Mr. and Mrs. James E. Baillie and family, Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Stinson, Mr. J. and Miss Skerrow, and Mrs. (Dr.) White are among the guests at the Falguton House, Muskoka.

Mr. Montgomerie Lewis, who has been summering at The Pines, Rosseau, has returned to London. Mrs. Lewis and children are still in Muskoka.

Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Smallpiece of Avenue road have returned from the Lower Provinces after a month's absence. They visited all points of interest in New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island.

Mrs. O'Regan of Wellesley street is visiting Miss Buchanan of Willow Branches Cottage, Fine View, Thousand Islands.

On Monday evening, August 15, Cedarmere, the summer residence of Mr. and Mrs. James Crowther at Cobourg, was the scene of one of the most brilliant social events in the history of that town. The large and beautiful grounds and handsome house were most brilliantly illuminated with variegated lights, which together with the pleasant proximity to Lake Ontario made the scene a veritable fairyland. The spacious ball-room was tastefully decorated with flowers, flags and colored lights in profusion, and the broad verandas opening off the ball-room afforded a most delightful promenade. Those present will long cherish the memory of this ball as one of the most enjoyable in their experience, for nothing was spared on the part of the genial host and charming hostess which in any way could have contributed to the enjoyment of their guests. The music was furnished by the Cobourg Citizens' band, and left nothing to be desired in this respect. The guests began to assemble about half-past nine o'clock, and soon the large ball-room was a scene of brilliancy and beauty. A noticeable feature was the exceptional beauty of such a large proportion of the ladies, numbering among them many prominent belles from different cities in Canada and the United States. The house party consisted of Miss Susie Jones and the Misses Lockhart of Toronto, Miss Mabel Metcalfe of Dartmouth, Devonshire, Eng., Mr. T. H. and Master Guy Ambrose of London, Eng., Mr. G. A. Stinson and Mr. J. A. Macdonald of Toronto. The following invited guests were among those present: His Honor Chief Justice and Miss Armour, Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Armour, His Honor Judge and Mrs. Clark, Col. and Miss Bolton, Mr. A. Bolton, Col. and Miss Skill, Col., Mrs. and Miss Cornell, Mr. and Mrs. E. Bristol, Mr. and Mrs. Bolte, Commodore Boswell, R.C.Y.C., Mr. and Mrs. J. Boswell, Mr. W. and Miss Bunting, Mr. and Mrs. Crusoe, Mr. P. Daintry, Mr. and Mrs. Gifford, Mr. and Mrs. Hollingshead, Mr. and Mrs. H. Holland, Mr. and Mrs. Ladd, Mrs. Lumis, Miss Lloyd, Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Lee, Mr. and Mrs. McNaughton, Mr. Robt. Miles, Mr. Arthur Morphy, Mr. and Mrs. Osler, Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Ryerson, Mr. Ed. Rathburn, Miss Stewart, Mrs. and the Misses Staunton, Mrs. Sibley, the Misses Seymour, Mrs. and the Misses White and Mrs. Winans. Among the beautiful costumes worn and conspicuous for their elegance was noticeable that of the hostess, who wore pale blue brocade and diamonds; Mrs. Ladd of Galveston, Texas, amber satin and point lace; Mrs. Bolte, pale pink satin and white lace; the Misses Seymour of Port Hope, in white organdie muslin; Miss Metcalfe, in mauve bengaline, cut *a la* Watteau: Miss Jones of Toronto, buttercup and white brocade; the Misses Lockhart, in white; Miss Bunting of Toronto, lavender silk; Miss Nora Armour, white trimmed with blue; Mrs. Winans of Newcastle, black and lavender silk, trimmings of jet; Miss Lloyd of Kentucky, white; Mrs. Cecil Lee, in scarlet crape with gold embroidery, looked particularly attractive; Miss Skill, green and black. The guests in all numbered about two hundred.

Mr. George A. McBride of New York City and Miss Etta V., youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. Edward Stoddart of Bradford, were married last Wednesday. The parlors of the fine country home were handsomely decorated, and a company of about sixty intimate friends assembled to witness the ceremony. Rev. Stuart Acheson, M. A., of Toronto, read the marriage service. Mr. McBride's best man was Mr. M. R. McPhail of New York City, and Miss Kathleen Lamont of Chatham, Ont., and Miss Laura Magee of Bradford were the bridesmaids. Mr. R. Willis Mc-

(Continued on Page Eleven.)

PARIS KID GLOVE STORE

4-Button Swede

1, $1 25, $1.50

We have opened our dressmaking rooms, and are prepared to complete orders on the shortest possible notice

New dress materials and trimmings, suitable for fall costumes.

WM. STITT & CO.

DINNER SETS

We have a number of pretty patterns, the pieces of which we can sell separately or make up into small sets.

PANTECHNETHECA

Cor. Adelaide and Yonge Streets

CUNARD LINE

Sailing Every Saturday from New York

UNSURPASSED FOR

Safety, Civility and Comfort

W. A. GEDDES, AGENT

69 Yonge Street, Toronto

RED STAR LINE

U. S. AND BELGIAN ROYAL MAIL

New York, Antwerp and Paris Wednesday and Saturdays. The route via Antwerp is most convenient for access to the principal points in Germany, the Rhine, France, Switzerland, Italy, etc. Excursion tickets valid to return by Inman Line from Liverpool.

BARLOW CUMBERLAND

Agent, 72 Yonge Street, Toronto

HERBERT E. SIMPSON

PHOTOGRAPHER

143 College Street - - Toronto

2ND DOOR WEST OF QUEEN ST. AVENUE

SUCCESSOR to late NOTMAN & FRASER.

Bad Cases.

The two most absent-minded men on record are the fellow who thought he left his watch at home and then took it out to see if he had time to go back and get it, and the man who put on his office door a card saying: "Out; will be back in ten minutes," and on his return sat down on the stair step to wait for himself.

Profitable.

If I owned a trotter that would not trot
D' you think I'd wallop him? Well I guess not.
I'd put him into races and—why then, of course
I'd bet like the dickens on the other man's horse.

Neat.

She—Why do you toy so nervously with that fan—are you afraid of it?

He (gallantly)—I am afraid of anything that could produce a coolness between us.

USE PURE WATER

The "Success" Natural Tripoli Stone Filter and Cooler

(GERM PROOF)

SUPPLIES A LONG FELT WANT

A perfect purifying filter is now offered at a price within the reach of all. The filtering-block is Tripoli Stone, quarried from the earth—Nature's own process of filtering. It does not allow the filth and impurities to penetrate its pores. They are retained upon the surface until brushed off in cleaning. Inside of block is as pure and white after years of use as when taken from the quarry. *All old style filters, packed with sponge, charcoal and gravel, absorb and retain the filth and putrid matters, which are impregnated with diseased germs*, and if you use such a filter *you are constantly drinking water filtered through this accumulation of filth and poisonous matter.* This one can be cleaned in two minutes with a soft brush or sponge, or by simply holding it under a tap. WRITE FOR PRICES.

RICE LEWIS & SON, Ltd. - TORONTO

THE LATEST NOVELTY

Perfumed Note Paper and Envelopes

SWEET LAVENDER — MIGNONETTE

MAY BLOSSOM — JASMINE

LILY OF THE VALLEY — WILD HYACINTHS

We have much pleasure in calling your attention to the New and Fashionable Note Paper and Envelopes, of which we are now showing the above varieties. Each sheet of Paper bears a Floral design in natural colors, and both Paper and Envelopes are Perfumed to correspond.

POST PAID - - - 35c. EACH BOX

James Bain & Son - Fine Stationery TORONTO

Dresses and Petticoats.

WHITE, yellow and pink have been the favorite colors since the first days of June, and the three colors are still holding their own. Yellow especially is very much in vogue, and women seem to have found out quite suddenly that yellow is not at all a color which only brunettes can afford to wear. It is worn as ground tone for entire toilettes, and again you see it as trimming on dresses, white, heliotrope and "Scotch."

•

Mme. Carnot, on a recent occasion, demonstrated in her own person the eternal truth of the science of fashion, which declares that soft heliotrope shades set off in the most charming way the interesting faces of elderly ladies. The best dressed women wear skirts without trains; the horrible dust-raising garments have themselves returned to dust, and never has great justice dealt more appropriately with any fashion.

•

That the trailing walking dresses are doomed will be a matter of congratulation to all women who love that which is next to godliness and who are not blind to the eternal fitness of things. But the doom of another "fashionable article," which is announced from the same authoritative quarter, will be received with very different feelings. There are to be no more short curls about the forehead.

Foulard silks in plain light colors, and in white grounds with flowers or stripes of color, are made into morning jackets and trimmed with Oriental or Valenciennes lace frills. They have a Watteau pleat down front and back, or else are shirred in small puffs in round yoke shape, and have a casing at the waist for holding a belt ribbon. The lace is in dropping frills around the neck, down the front, and on the edge; also on the full sleeves. White taffeta silk in *ombre* stripes of blue or brown or rose is taken bias in the front and back of very handsome jackets, the fronts meeting in frills that stand outward in bold relief. Others have a double Watteau pleat in the back shirred in two points at the top, then flowing loosely to the end. The fronts are nearly covered with black lace. Two satin ribbons begin in high points in the back under the Watteau folds, and are tied in front with loops and ends. This is very effective in salmon silk of shaded stripes, with either white or black guipure lace and black satin ribbons.

•

Another dress, of mastic colored net, is mounted on surah of a medium heliotrope shade. The surah skirt is edged with a pleating three inches deep. The net skirt, which is fastened in the surah skirt above and free below, is bordered with a band of changeable velvet, heliotrope shot with mastic, of the same depth as the ruffle. The net corsage is full on a fitted heliotrope lining, and is encircled at the waist by a velvet belt folded in three horizontal pleats and fastened under a large *chou* at the back. The velvet standing collar is fastened with a clasp of brilliants at the side. The short balloon sleeves are of velvet terminating in a ruffle of double net most cunningly *chiffonne*. A similar combination is made of ficelle net over light coralred surah, with black velvet for the hem, girdle, collar and balloon sleeves. While for the present the net is thus fastened to the under-skirt, it is not unlikely that in a short time it will be lightly and prettily draped upon it, and caught to it with knots of velvet or ribbon. Generally speaking, evening toilettes for the end of summer and autumn will be largely of transparent tissues, richly and variously embroidered, and mounted on light or contrasting foundations. Velvet plays an important part, and notably in some models now being planned for autumn and winter receptions, in which only the front and sides of the skirt are of net over silk, with a velvet band at the foot, while the train, expanding from a Watteau pleat, is entirely of velvet. For instance, one model, of jetted black net over pink silk, has a black velvet band six inches deep at the foot of the front of the skirt, and a narrow black velvet train, the girdle and sash being of the pink silk. Here, as elsewhere, black velvet will be much used. Another model is of jetted net over gold-colored satin, with border and Watteau train of black velvet, and gold-colored Indian grape girdle and sash.

White cambric and percale petticoats are again in favor for wearing with summer dresses, and when laundered without starch rival those of surah or other silk. The novelty of the season is a percale skirt long enough to touch in the back, cut with a sloping back seam like that of ball skirts of dresses. These are made of three breadths of percale with gored sides, and fitted by darts closely over the hips. There are three darts each side of the middle front dart, the back is laid in lapping pleats, and the top is finished with a cord. Belts are no longer used on skirts, but the top is sometimes faced and a drawing string is passed through, adjusting the back in gathers instead of pleats. An embroidered ruffle is sewed into the lower edge—not upon it—and above, falling from the knee down, is a Spanish flounce of sheen cambric, on which are set two narrower flounces of embroidery done in scrolls in ladder stitches, with deep scalloped or pointed edges. This gives three thicknesses of ruffles at the foot, and the only skirt necessary beneath is the short petticoat which many use to take the place of a chemise. Others have the three ruffles trimmed with *point de Paris* lace and insertion, or else with Medici lace.

•

Cambric petticoats of walking length are only two yards and a half wide. They are closely fitted in front, having a narrow gored front breadth, single side gores, and a straight back breadth. These also have no belt, but are hemmed over at top or faced, and are drawn up by tapes passing through the casing. They have a balayeuse ruffle sewed in at the foot, and another above it, simply tucked, or with hem-stitched border or embroidery. The short petticoat worn beneath is similarly made, the front shaped like a yoke by facing, and the back a closed straight breadth.

•

An underskirt of glossy gold-colored Corah silk, with a three-inch pinked ruffle at the bottom, is veiled by an outer skirt of ficelle-colored (flax gray) net, which is sewed in with it, seam for seam, down to the knee, but is free from there down. It is trimmed at the foot with a light puff of green velvet which falls on the ruffle of the underskirt, and covers it all but the merest pinked edge. The gold-colored silk lining of the corsage is *decollette*. There is a deep corselet girdle of green velvet, which tends to give rather a short-waisted appearance, and from this the net emerges front and back in deep folds, which pass over the shoulders and are caught there with knots of velvet. The large V's thus formed are partly filled in by a guimpe of fine gold-figured cream tulle, which still leaves the neck and a little of the chest exposed. The short puffed sleeves of net over silk end in a light puff of velvet, and there are long stone-colored gloves stitched with green silk and gold thread. LA MODE.

Melodious Bells.

BELLS have always been regarded by the ignorant and superstitious as invested with miraculous powers, and even educated people are often extremely sensitive to their ringing. Although their deep sonorous peals, arousing imaginative effects formerly attributed to them, are no longer believed, there is a certain awe in the solemn peal of the tolling bell. A chime of sweet bells has a weirdly soothing power, and the joyful ringing of a troop of bells makes all who hear it jubilant.

One of the peculiar beliefs of early days was that bells drove away evil spirits, calmed the sea as far as they could be heard, and if rung during a thunder storm saved the country from disaster. Strange tales have been told of bells that were rung by unseen hands, which circumstance was always followed by some public calamity.

The subject of bells has always been a most fascinating one. Poets have discoursed upon them in lyric rhymes. Longfellow wrote no less than nine poems on bells, the most famous being his Bells of Lynn.

There will be a great gathering of the bells at the Columbian Exposition. Among them will be the old slave bell that used to call the slaves of Fontainbleu to work in Louisiana, that cracked its sides for joy when it rang the emancipation peal, since which, owing to the fissure, it has never rung again.

The first bell ever rung in this country pealed from the first church built in this country, erected in 1494 by Columbus at San Domingo. It is now in the City of Washington.

The independence bell was cast in 1751. This bell, although made a quarter of a century before the Continental Congress went into session, bore this remarkable inscription:

"Proclaim liberty throughout all the land to all the inhabitants thereof."

Inscriptions on bells of ancient date are always of interest. A compilation of those that are in rhyme is quite unique.

An old peal of bells, each bearing a motto, was taken down from the belfry at St. Michael at Coventry in 1675. Each bell was numbered and inscribed and some of the rhyming inscriptions were very appropriate. On No. 4, the workman's bell, was this:

"I ring all 6 to let men know
When to and from their work they go."

On No. 7, the sermon bell:

"I ring to sermon with a lusty combe,
That all may come and none may stay at home."

On No. 8, the fire bell:

"I am and have been called the common bell,
To ring when fire breaks out to tell."

There is an old bell at St. Sidwells, Exeter, which bears this boastful inscription:

"I mean to make it understood
That tho' I'm little, yet I'm good."

In Newton Abbot church is one that reads in a similar strain:

"Although I am both light and small,
I will be heard above you all."

These rhyming inscriptions are found mostly in England. In Derbyshire there is a bell with this couplet:

"Mankind like me are often found
Possessed of naught but hollow sound."

Also one with this quaint rhyme:

"When of departed hours we toll the knell,
Instruction take and use the future well."

In Warwickshire a bell has this:

"I sound to bid the sick repeat,
In hope of life when death is spent."

This lugubrious rhyme comes from a bell in Hampshire:

"Unto the church I do you call—
Death to the grave will summon all."

On a fire bell in Shelburne:

"Lord! quench this furious flame,
Arise! run! help! put out the same."

Amusing inscriptions are sometimes found, like this on a bell in Binstead:

"Samuel Knight made this ring
At Binstead steeple for to ding."

Another laconic inscription is found on a bell in Worcestershire:

"If you would know when I was run,
It was in March, 1701."

CHOICE FLOWERS
ALL VARIETIES IN SEASON

We have a large stock of Bedding Plants, Annuals, Hanging Baskets, &c., now ready.
We are also agents for Cast Iron Fancy Vases for lawns or verandas. Call at the Conservatories or at our 164 Yonge Street Store and see cuts and prices. They are really beautiful and cheap.

S. TIDY & SON
TORONTO
Tel. Conservatories - - 3057
Tel. Yonge Street - - - 2089

N. B.—Floral Decorations our Specialty.
Funeral Offerings on short notice.

SUPPOSE YOU TRY A KEG? Ale and Porter delivered to any address—$1 50 a Keg. It's better than drugs.
SPADINA BREWERY
KENSINGTON AVE. TEL. 1303

S. W. Cor. Yonge and Queen

STILL boating? The young folks make hay while the sun shines. A boating shawl to make yourself secure against a cold.

Sample Lots

of boating shawls, giving large variety, very attractive goods, and as we do so frequently, bought at a price to make cost to you about half regular value. Maybe that's an inducement. A boating shawl for 40c.; one real handsome, 75c.

We cannot expect to find sale for summer gloves and half mitts when the fall winds commence to blow. They don't blow yet, but we'll give you silk, taffetas and lisle gloves and half-mitts in anticipation of the blow coming at a price—well, say what you'll give. We're good natured, and you may have your way—about.

R. SIMPSON
S. W. cor. Yonge and Queen Streets, Toronto. | Entrance Yonge Street. Entrance Queen Street.
Store Nos. 174, 176, 178 Yonge Street, and 1 and 3 Queen Street West.

Armson & Stone.
See Our New
50c. Corset
It puts to shame any line hitherto offered at that price and equals any 75c. corset in the market. Try them.
A few Choice Lace Scarfs at unusually good value.
212 Yonge Street

CAUTION
Beware of imitations of
BABY'S OWN SOAP
The only genuine has the ALBERT TOILET SOAP CO.'s name on the wrapper on each cake.

Ladies' Oxford Ties
THE STANLEY SHOE
THE NEWEST
Either Kid or Patent Leather with Cloth or Swede Tops.
Prices Very Moderate
79 King Street East

Miss Moote and . . . Miss High
Desire to thank the many popular ladies of Toronto who, by their kindness, patronage and confidence have assisted so largely in making their business, the first and only one of its kind in Canada, such a success.
That it is a success is shown by the number and class of the callers, and that Mrs. Gervaise Graham's goods are exactly what they are represented to be the constantly increasing calls for them testify.
This ladies are invited to call and find out all about the new German Baths.
More help is expected soon, so that customers will not be obliged to wait so long for consultation. Remember the address—343½ Yonge Street, Toronto.
Write for circular.

R. M. MELVILLE
Toronto General Steamship Agency
28 ADELAIDE STREET EAST
For Steamship Tickets to All Parts of the World at Lowest Rates

ROYAL CROWN TABLE WATER
Godes-berger.
BY APPOINTMENT TO H. M. THE QUEEN OF ENGLAND.
Pun, London, Eng., August 3, 1892.
According to *Truth*, a lady whose drinks have been confined to lemon squashes and Godes-berger has been able to preserve a twenty two inch waist. We do not wish to say anything against Godes-berger, for it is unquestionably the purest and pleasantest table water imported and is the only one that holds the royal appointment to Her Majesty. To preserve a lady's waist, however, to twenty-two inches is rather stretching it; it would be unnatural, and Godes-berger is, according to all best authorities, a Natural Table water.

AMERICAN FAIR
191 and 334 Yonge St.
TORONTO
In our August Clearing Sale all goods are marked to capture those who buy a good thing when they see it.
Webster's Great Dictionary, $1.25. Well bound books, all good authors, 16c.; best cloth bound, 19c. Paper cover books, all good authors, 7c., regular price 25c. Dore's Bible Gallery and other works, 95c. These last are Cassell's best edition.
Shawl straps in great variety, 10c., reduced from 25c. We will close a large consignment of beautiful Albums at less than cost of importation, and not one-half of usual cost. See them.
Boys' Safety Bicycles, $6, were $13, and with rubber tire $8, were $16. Boys' High Wheel, $2.50, were $7.50. Baby Carriages, $5 50, were $10. Hammocks, 50 per cent. of real value.
Handsome Croquet Sets, 64c., worth $1.25; Toilet Paper, full 1000 sheet package, 9c.; Rolls, 10c.
An immense Display of Agate Ironware Teapots, 50c., worth $1 25; Preserving Kettles at half price; best Crown and Gem Preserving Jars, pints, 88c.; quarts, 98c.; 2 quarts, $1.24.
Closing out a lot of beautiful Window Blinds, complete, 40c., worth $1 25. Purses, new designs and best French goods, at less than half usual price.
Store closes at 6.30 p.m., except Saturday evening, open until 10.30 p.m. Come and see.
W. H. BENTLEY

Niagara River Line
PALACE STEAMERS
Chicora and Cibola
FOR NIAGARA AND LEWISTON
In connection with New York Central and Michigan Central Railways for Falls, Buffalo, New York, Philadelphia, etc.
Leaves Geddes' Wharf, foot of Yonge Street, 7, 11 a.m., 2, 4 45 p.m.
Arrive Niagara, 9 10 a.m., 1.10, 4.10, 7 10 p.m.
Leave Niagara 8 30, 11 a.m., 2, 6 p.m.
Arrive Toronto 10.40 a.m., 1.10, 4.10, 8.10 a.m.
Tickets at all principal offices.
JOHN FOY, Manager

Niagara Falls Line
Str. Empress of India
Daily from Geddes' Wharf, at 8 a.m. and 3.40 p.m., for St. Catharines, Niagara Falls, Buffalo New York
and all points East. Through trains from Port Dalhousie, fast time. Tickets at all leading hotels and all G. T. R. and Empress ticket offices and on wharf.
Family tickets for sale.

St. Leon Springs Hotel
This charming resort, with its delightful weather, is this season being patronized by the elite of Canada.
M. A. THOMAS, Manager

The Home Savings & Loan Co. Ltd.
OFFICE: 78 CHURCH STREET, TORONTO
$500,000 to loan on Mortgages—small and large sums. Reasonable rates of interest and terms of repayment. No valuation fee charged.
HON. FRANK SMITH, President. JAMES MASON, Manager.

ARMAND'S
Hair and Perfumery Store
Telephone 2498
Has the largest and best assorted stock of fine
HAIR GOODS
in the country. All styles of hair goods made to order a specialty. Natural curly styles—Bangs, Fringes, Curls, Coils, Puffs, Chignons. Ladies and Gentlemen's Toupees made in perfect imitation of nature. Ladies' Waves, Plain Frontpieces and Head Coverings. Switches, made of all long hair, from $2.50 and upwards.
OUR HAIR-DRESSING PARLORS
Have no equal. Each customer has her own private room—light, extremely clean and bright—for hair-dressing for picnics, parties, etc. Ladies and children's hair cut, trimmed, singed and shampooing. Specialty for coloring and dyeing the hair in every shade. Absolutely no injurious dyes employed.
Agents for Mme. Ladvocat Darquet's, of Argenteuil (France) Celebrated Toilet Preparations.
Eau de Ninon de Sencles, Face Bleach, has no equal today for its efficacy to remove Tan, Freckles, Blackheads, Sallowness, Red Skin, etc., $2. Eau Antiride, or Positive Wrinkle Remover, $1 25, $1.75. Eau Sans Pareille for whitening, refreshing, and softening the skin, 75c. Mamma Dura, for the development of the body and bust, approved by the Public Hygienic Society, $1.50. Best of Powders, Creams, Soaps, Rouge, Eyebrow Pencils, etc. kept in stock.
J. TRANCLE ARMAND & CO.
Coiffeurs and Parfumeurs
441 Yonge Street and 1 Carlton Street, Toronto, Ont.
Please send for circular and mention this paper.

"UNEQUALLED"
IS THE VERDICT
OF
All Those Who Have Used the
STANDARD
DRESS BONES
The steel is extra quality, non-corrosive, metal tipped, securely stitched and fastened in a covering of superior sateen. Can be relied on not to stain, cut through at the ends, or become detached.
Ask for Them
They are the Best
SOLD BY
All the Leading Retail Dry Goods Merchants Throughout the Dominion

IZOD'S PATENT CORSETS Are the Best. Improved by a New and Special Scientific Process.
Medical opinion recommends them for THE HEALTH.
Public opinion all over the world unanimous that they are unsurpassed for COMFORT, STYLE AND DURABILITY. Sold IN EVERY TOWN THROUGHOUT THE WORLD. Name and Trade Mark, Anchor, on every pair and box. Ask your Dealer or Outfitter for IZOD'S make; take no other, and not only get them as bad makes are often sold for sake of extra profit. Write for our sheet of Drawings.
E. IZOD & SON.
30, Milk St., London.
Manufactory: LANDPORT, HANTS.

DRESSMAKING
Evening Dresses and Riding Habits
ALSO
Cutting and Fitting Dresses and Mantles
Dressmakers' Magic Scale for Sale
With lessons or without.
Order Corsets to Measure
In any style. Satisfaction guaranteed.
MISS CHUBB
324½ YONGE STREET
Just south of Trinity Square.

CLEARING SALE
During the months of July and August MISS HOLLAND will be prepared to offer the balance of her Fine Millinery Stock, together with Flowers, Feathers, Ribbons, &c., at an undercost for cash.
MISS DUFFY'S Mantles, Wraps, Jackets, &c., are also reduced to half price, and ladies desiring travelling or boating garments should take this opportunity of replenishing their wardrobe at low cost.
112 Yonge Street, West Side
Two Doors South of Adelaide

LADIES
ASK FOR

BARBOUR'S
LINEN THREADS
The Best for All Purposes
Sold by All Dealers

LITTLE MISS MUFFET
Who sat in the Tuffet,
Told the Spider on the Q T
THAT THERE WERE NO SHOES LIKE M'PHERSON'S
GEORGE McPHERSON
186 YONGE STREET

Complexion Treatment
The opening of the Massage Parlors at Dorenwend's has been well received by the ladies of Toronto, and already a large business has been done. Not only is the complexion made beautiful, but headache and neuralgia are removed.
Appointments should be made at once—personally or by Telephone 1551.
Dorenwend's
103 and 105 YONGE ST., TORONTO

J. & J. L. O'MALLEY
FURNITURE WAREROOMS
Notice Our Prices
IN
Antique Bedroom Suites From $10.00 upwards
Dining-Room Suites From $17.50 upwards
Parlor Suites From $27.50 upwards
Carpet cleaning by our new Hygienic method, the best in the city.
J. & J. L. O'MALLEY
Telephone 1057 160 Queen St. West

TWICE LOST:

A Tale of Love and Fortune.

By RICHARD DOWLING,

Author of "The Hidden Flaw," "Fatal Bonds," "Tempest Driven," "A Baffling Quest," Etc.

ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.

CHAPTER V.

POLLIE'S DREAM.

How long Frank Jeaters lay prone upon that couch in his sitting-room the first night under the roof the St. Vincent Hotel he did not know. The door of the room was locked; it was midnight or later when he shut it. He was perfectly safe from interruption and intrusion.

He was secure against—against what? Surely he had not locked himself in against the chance of a friend calling at that hour? He had few friends in the world, and not an acquaintance on this side of the water, but Cresswell, the tobacconist. It was not likely any guests would come thundering at the outer door demanding accommodation in the derelict hotel at that hour. Why had he locked himself in? Had he locked himself in against Pollie? No! Why then had he turned the key in the door?

It was a long time before he could bring himself to answer that question.

He had locked himself in because he had left open the trap which led to the river. He had locked himself in not against Pollie, but against what might befall Pollie, if she went wandering about again in her sleep.

Did he wish anything to befall her?

He was not bound to answer any such question even to himself.

Why then had he put the question?

He could not say; but at all events he could avoid putting such a question to himself again.

Into this room he had locked himself against what might befall Pollie if she should walk again in her sleep. Walk again in her sleep this same night! Nothing could be more unlikely than that she should walk again in her sleep to-night. He could not remember a single instance of a person having two attacks of somnambulism in the one night.

Well, upon the whole, that reflection was a relief. One ought not to expect too much, and there was plenty of time—plenty of time for an accident to happen if fate decreed an accident.

Now that he was more calm he saw nothing could come—just now anyway—of leaving the trap door open. It would be better to shut down that door for to-night. Or, wait. How would it answer if he left it open so that it might be seen in the morning. He could then give an explanation which would suit him, one that would have the double effect of accounting his late returning that night, and at the same time burning into the mind of the somnambulist the fact that such a place as the dock under the hall, and such a thing as the luggage shoot existed. Ay, it would be well to kill those two birds with one stone. Kill! What an ugly word this was, and there could be no excuse for using it. You did not kill a person who walked into a pit. He could tell Pollie business kept him so late, and that he did not care to wake her by going into their room, and that he had slept on the couch instead.

So let matters remain as they now were till morning. He left the trap door open all, the mouth of the luggage slide saping all night.

He did not sleep much, but that did not matter. One does not mind how one rests in a crisis of life. He had many things to think about, and as he could smoke, he might light a match here without fear of attracting attention to a house supposed to be empty.

There could hardly be in all London a more secret place than this one where he now lay on his back smoking in the dark. To begin with, the great house was supposed to be uninhabited, but they had told him at the offices in town it was desirable he should make no display of his presence. No one was to be admitted to the premises except on an order from the office of the company. Now if he were to rise off that couch and slide down the luggage shoot, not a soul would know what had become of him, not even Pollie. Of course if his body were found, and the trap door were discovered open, and it were established that he were Frank Jeaters, clerk-in-charge of the St. Vincent Hotel, there could be hardly any doubt of how he came to be in the water. But if the trap door were shut down after his plunge, if his appearance were not known in the neighborhood where his body was picked up, and if the only clothes on it were an unmarked night-gown, identification would be next to impossible, and the assumption would be that a man had drowned himself by rushing out of bed and flinging himself from a window overlooking the river.

Of course, if he himself were to slip down the shoot as matters now stood, enquiries would be made. The company would wonder what had become of him sooner or later. They would miss him anyway, when he did not come for his salary as custodian.

"IT WAS AN AWFUL DREAM."

But suppose a friend of his, say, a friend unknown to Verdon or Furham, a friend say from Hoxton, were to come to the St. Vincent and stay there a night; and supposing this friend, with nothing on but an unmarked nightgown slipped down the shoot. The chances were a million to one the body would never be identified, unless the man had friends or relatives to make enquiries when they found him missing, friends who would go round the mortuaries.

To put it broadly, the identity of that imaginary visitor would never be established. There were dozens of such cases every year in the Thames, and after the hubbub was held no one ever heard another word about them.

There was only gloomy and unpleasant thoughts, and why should a man occupy his mind with dismal imaginings when he could turn his mind towards more happy considerations.

At four o'clock he was to call for his watch, but he should forget the hour and call at two instead.

What a glorious creature! He was not the man to be attracted by mere physical beauty. He was not an animal, a brute. He had never been in love with Pollie as he now understood love. He had no doubt been drawn to Pollie by her good looks, her prettiness; and he had married her partly because he thought he was in love with her, and partly because he thought she would improve, grow a woman after marriage; and here she was now, losing her good looks, an invalid, and as childish as ever.

Pollie thought all life ought to be like the sweetheart days. She did not realize, she never would realize, that sweetheart manners were for the sweetheart time, and that passion of love in marriage could not be kept alive on mere languishing glances and cooing words. Married love required the fusion of the spirits to keep it warm, and here was Pollie a fool.

He had seen that girl at Muscovy Place half-a-dozen times, and he had spoken to her once. What a splendour and glory gleamed in her, around her, about her! She made the day shine when she came through it. She transmuted all things in that little mean shop into gold.

He had seen one portrait of a great beauty of years ago, of the end of the last and beginning century, of the marvellous woman who had enchanted England's greatest naval hero. In the picture Lady Hamilton was moving away to the right through a door or between curtains; her head was turned towards the beholder and her blithe and round and jocund beauty was lighted up by a smile of indestructible cheerfulness. You could see she was leading whoever might follow her through that door to victory. Shining on that face was a buoyant, inextinguishable faith in you who followed. Who could be trusted and led by such a creature in such a smile, and fall?

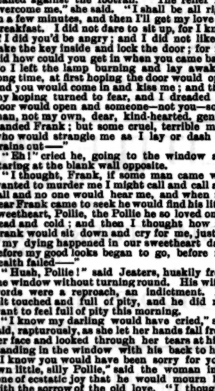
Jeaters did not consider whether that face had led Nelson to honor and victory. He did not stay to consider whether the stuff was in himself for the leading of victory, no matter who lighted the road. All he knew was that such a face and such a smile summoned up in to the possession of his hands all the powers of his nature. He never once paused to consider whether anything worth doing were in his power. He only knew for certain that he would give the world for such a leader through life.

And to think of Pollie after that enrapturing vision of Lady Hamilton indicating here to victory! To think of poor, pale, thin little Pollie, with her trivial ways and her insatiable craving for words of love from him! Poor, thin words, without any backing of feeling! What made his present position hardest and most degrading was that all he need do to please Pollie from morning till night was to say, "My own pretty Poll, I love you now as I have always loved you. I love you better than ever my own pretty, pretty Poll." That was enough. "My pretty, pretty Poll," as if she were a parrot. Ay, and deeper ignomy still, she was quite contented if he said the words as if he, too, were a parrot! He, too, who was full of ideas and could do great things if he only had a leader to lead him with a smile of invigorating faith!

It was revolting at the best; at the worst it was maddening.

"What!" cried his wife in the morning, when he went into her room. "Slept on the couch all night! Oh, Frank, I am so sorry; but I did not take the key into the room. I left it on the outside. Why did you sleep on that cold, cold couch? I went to bed in the most awful terror of this place. It was hard to go to bed the first night all by myself in this strange, awful house, with the water lapping under my very feet. But I am delighted to see you safe once again my darling, my own Frank."

She had just finished dressing. She had thrown her arms round him. He had kissed her and muttered a few endearing words, and was gently patting her hair. "There now, good little woman. There now," he said soothingly. "I'm here at last, anyway, and quite safe and hungry as a hawk."



"I AM A BACHELOR."

He released her from his arms, and (with a sigh and a smile she sank sittin on the side of the bed.

She covered her face with her hands and leaned against the footrail. "The relief has overcome me," she said. "I shall be all right in a few minutes, and then I'll get my love his breakfast. I did not dare to sit up, for I knew if I did you'd be angry; and I did not like to take the key inside and lock the door; for if I did how could you get in when you came back. So I left the lamp burning and lay awake a long time, at first hoping the door would open and you would come in and kiss me; and then my hoping turned to fear, and I dreaded the door would open and someone—not you—some man, not my own, dear, kind-hearted, gentle-handed Frank; but some cruel, terrible man, who would strangle me as I lay or dash my brains out—"

"Eh!" cried he, going to the window and staring at the blank wall opposite.

"I thought, Frank, if some man came who wanted to murder me I might call and call and call and no one would hear me, and even my dear Frank came to seek he would find his little sweetheart, Pollie, the Pollie he so loved once, dead and cold; and then I thought how my Frank would sit down and cry for me, just as if my dying happened in our sweetheart days before my good looks began to go, before my health failed."

"Hush, Pollie!" said Jeaters, huskily from the window without turning round. His wife's words were a reproach, indirect, perhaps, felt touched and full of pity, and he did not want to feel full of pity this morning.

"I know my darling would have cried," she said, rapturously, as she let her hands fall from her face and looked through her tears at him, standing in the half way up the little hill, for him. "I know you would have been sorry for your own little, silly Pollie," said the woman in a tone of ecstatic joy that he would mourn her with the passion of the old love, he thought. Frank, I would like to die there and then, just to be grieved for as you would once grieve for me. But then I thought that was selfish. It would be selfish for me to wish you any kind of grief, and although I know, dearest, I am no use to you, and you are too good for me, I don't think I am any injury to you, and it is heaven for me to be near you. You do not mind my being near you? You do not want me to go away."

"No; no, child; no." This scene did not belong to anything he had planned in his mind. He was unprepared for it, and he was affected by Pollie's words as he did not think he could be by any words of his wife's. As he was not prepared for the scene and had no words of reply ready for her appeal, he used words he did not provide for in meanings when he was thinking the whole case over in the darkness of the little sitting-room. Some gnawing feel gave him the sensation that the scene was pathetic, but he kept himself pretty calm by assuring himself the whole affair was unreal, that say as Pollie was he was only relating her groundless fears of the night before, the things she were saying ought not to disturb his mind.

She would have gone to him, but she was not very strong, and moreover she believed the picture drawn by her of her piteous state had broken him down and he was keeping his back to her so that she might not see his tears. The unsteady and broken voice in which he said, "No, no, child, no," confirmed her belief, and she felt comforted, well contented with the effect of her words.

"There, Frank," she said, after a pause, in which she wiped her eyes and her face assumed a more placid expression. "There let it go. I do not want to make your home coming gloomy. But I must tell you more, not much dear, but more of the night; for in the night I had a dream that was more terrible than anything I had fancied when I was awake. It was a most awful dream. It makes me shudder to think of it even now."

"What was it about, Pollie?"

"Me!"

"Me! A dream about me?"

"Yes. The most horrible dream I ever had in all my life."

He knew he turned pale, and he felt his legs tremble under him. It was well his face was averted from her; well he was in the recess of the window. He kept his face fixed towards the blank wall, and leaned against the wainscot of the recess for support. With a powerful effort he controlled his voice enough to speak, though he could not speak steadily. "Of course, dreams are all nonsense, and one ought to take no notice of them, but what was yours about me."

"It was about you and the river—the Thames—" She paused as if overwhelmed by the memory of it and unable to go on.

His mouth gaped open. He felt his tongue dry and hard, but he could not speak, he could not utter a word now terror and shame had him by the throat.

"I dreamt," she said, covering her face once more with her hands. "I dreamt that we were here together, that it was late at night. That I woke up and found you standing on the floor. I thought you went into the hall and I knew danger threatened you, but I could not call to you or move. I knew your life was threatened and you did not speak. By degrees I got the use of my limbs, but still I could move only slowly. I followed you out into the hall. I found you gone as though the ground had swallowed. All at once the great water-door at the end of the hall swung open, and I knew you had got down through the floor of the hall to the water, to the awful water, the cold deadly Thames beneath."

She paused and shuddered and did not move or speak for a moment.

"I thought, great as my horror of the river is, I walked down to the end of the hall and looked out of the water-door, and saw you struggling in the water, and could not, because of my foolish hatred of the water, give you any help—even go nearer the edge of the water than I had was. My feet were held and I could see you drowning, and I could not help you, could not even cry out or call for help because of my childish hatred of the water. I tried to throw myself in, so that I might die with you, but could not stir. And at last you were gone. At last the waters had closed over your head, and then the spell left me and I cried out, 'Oh, Frank, Frank, my own, my all! wait for me. Do not leave your poor silly Pollie behind,' and I jumped into the river, and then I woke lying here shivering and cold. Where are you going, Frank?"

"Stay where you are a moment, sweetheart," he said. He left the room and closed the door, and crossed the great hall hastily, and caught the handle which worked the door, and lowered the door quickly. "Not this to-day!" he whispered. "Even if the man I imagined of was a villain he could not leave this open to-day."

CHAPTER VI.

MRS. ORR'S LODGER.

By the time husband and wife sat down to breakfast that morning a change had recovered his composure. When his wife asked him what had kept him out, he put off the answer, saying he had been detained late, and that he would tell her by and by.

They never quarrelled. Pollie never dreamt of quarrelling with him or opposing him strongly. Often she complained of fate, but never directly of fate's minister, Frank Jeaters. She never, not think of wilfully crossing him, and although she did ten things an hour which jarred upon him, and many things a day which made him cry out, she never resented his faultfinding, or correction, or abuse. She was docile and patient, and, without kissing the rod exactly, she took what hard words he gave her without a whimper.

On his side he was not at all bad-tempered, and although now and then he spoke more than enough, and indulged in exaggerated phrases and views of trifles, it never seemed to her that he was exacting or bad-tempered. And Frank Jeaters was not exacting or bad-tempered.

At the breakfast little was said. She felt weak and worn and cruelly exhausted, and he had walked so much the day before, gone through such severe mental experiences in the night, and had slept little, he felt heavy and dazed. After breakfast he said he would lie down for an hour or so. He took a book, and going into the bed-room flung himself on the bed and fell asleep.

He was awakened by his wife for what he called luncheon and she called dinner.

Eh! Eat again! He couldn't eat again now. It seemed only a minute since he had finished breakfast. One o'clock! By Jove, he didn't a minute to spare. He had a most important business engagement in town at half-past two. It would take him every minute of the time to keep it. There was no use in her asking any questions now, for he hadn't time to answer them; but if he had a soul in his body at five o'clock he'd be in to tea, and she could make the meal more substantial than afternoon tea, too—make it a meal in lieu of his lost luncheon. So he went.

He gave her the order or permission to get him solid food for tea, because he knew thinking she had something to do for him would soothe and cheer her. He was not at all cruel by nature. He would not inflict needless suffering on any living creature. He shrank from the very thought of pain, or of inflicting pain, almost as much as he shrank from the notion of being sycophantically bored.

When he reached the top of St. Vincent place he turned to the left as he turned yesterday. If he were on his way to town he would have turned to the right; for Cross Street, lighted, with the tram-cars and omnibuses running that way and the Verdon railway station on that hand.

He jumped upon the first tram-car going east and jumped off before it reached Muscovy Place. He walked up the little hill, for on the slope the horses went at a walk, which is slower than a man's walk, and Frank Jeaters was in a hurry.

To no one in Verdon had he given his name yet. True, the furniture and their baggage had been addressed to Frank Jeaters, St. Vincent Hotel, Verdon, and their personal baggage had come directed in the same way, but in neither case had the carriers been local, and hence the name could not have got about in the neighborhood. He had not spoken to anyone in Furham but Cresswell, the purblind tobacconist, who could not recognize him across the road, and to Edith Orr.

(Mercy on him, he had spoken to Edith Orr!)

So that his name was not abroad at all in Furham, and he might pose there as anything he pleased. This whole side of the river, with its two millions or whatever the right number of people was, happened fortunately for him to be as unexplored by him before the last few weeks as central Brazil.

Cleaver's Juvenia Soap

Marvellous Effect ! !
Preserves and Rejuvenates the Complexion.

DR. REDWOOD'S REPORT.

The Ingredients are perfectly pure, and WE CANNOT SPEAK TOO HIGHLY OF THEM.

The Soap is PERFECTLY PURE and ABSOLUTELY NEUTRAL.

JUVENIA SOAP is entirely free from any colouring matter, and contains about the smallest proportion possible of water. From careful analysis and a thorough investigation of the whole process of its manufacture, we consider this Soap fully qualified to take rank amongst the FIRST OF TOILET SOAPS.—T. Redwood, Ph.D., F.I.C., F.C.S.; T. Horne Redwood, F.I.C., F.C.S.; A. J. De Hailes, F.I.C., F.C.S.

Wholesale Representative for Canada—CHARLES GYDE, 33, St. Nicholas St., Montreal.

After living so long in Hoxton, half a dozen years, until everyone there was familiar with his appearance, it felt a little romantic to walk about Furham here, where he didn't exactly live, where he was absolutely unknown, and where he could put on any manners or airs that suited his whims or business. Business in the sense of trade he never had anything to do with, never would have anything to do with. And even with affairs he now had nothing to do. But wait. One day when his chance came! When some one offered not only to show him Furham here, but to show the energies ought to be addressed, but to lead him on also to victory! Then it would be seen what had been smoldering in Jeaters long. Then the flame of his fame would stand up in the darkness of the world!

And here was Muscovy Place where he had left his watch to have a new glass and a pair of new hands put to it.

As he turned into Muscovy place he dropped his pace to a slow saunter. He seemed now like a man who had constitutional objections to hurry and would not put himself out to cross the road if the houses on his side were all on fire.

He looked in at a number of shop windows, in one of which were exhibited ladies' hats, of which he absolutely knew nothing. In another, a greengrocer's, he stared at a pumpkin without recognizing it. Then before he thought he had reached the house, found himself looking into the window of the late Charles Orr, watchmaker and optician.

The window glasses were double, the back one being muffed, so that no one standing in the street could see the people in the shop. A few old nautical instruments occupied the shelves in the space between the two glasses, and against the muffed or back glass of the case was fixed with wafers two gum-tickets, with the notice that in this house there were apartments to be let. On his visit the day before Jeater had not looked into the windows, and until now he had not an idea the bill existed.

A tumultuous feeling which forbade thought seized upon Jeaters. The sight of his eyes seemed taken from him. He had been thinking of the possibility for romance in his presence, unknown in this densely-peopled region of London, and here was an adventure offering itself to him—an adventure his most ambitious aspirations would not have let him dwell upon in fancy an hour ago.

Without giving him time to think he stepped into the shop.

Edith Orr rose to receive him. That fact was one of little or no importance. Yesterday he had plotted how he could contrive to see her twice to-day, and now one of the interviews was achieved and he squandered it by hardly raising his eyes to her face at all.

"Oh," she said, "You were to call at four. Your watch is not ready yet."

"Thank you," he said. "I know I was to call at four. I have not come about my watch. You have apartments to be let, and I am thinking of taking rooms in this neighborhood."

"Would you like to see the rooms?" she asked.

"If I might, without putting you to inconvenience."

"Go with the gentleman and let him see them, Edie, dear," said Mrs. Orr from her seat behind the muffed glass close to the door. "I should be glad to show them to you myself, but I am an invalid, and cannot move about very well."

"Perhaps," he said, "you would have no objection to my going alone, and then I need not disturb either of you."

"Oh," said the girl, "I'll show them to you with pleasure. Will you come this way, please."

She led, and he followed her out of the shop, and then he went up and she directed him when they came to the landing into the sitting-room at the back, and he glanced into the bedroom in the front.

"I think they will suit me, if we can come to terms," said he, without looking at her.

"The rent is fifteen shillings," said she, "with light and attendance."

"I fancy they will suit me," said he. "When could I come in?"

"To-morrow. Would that do?"

"Perfectly."

They went down. The inspection and making of the bargain did not occupy five minutes. Jeaters was conscious of seeming perfectly business-like, not to say careful in his arrangements with Mrs. Orr. He told her he could not say how often he should occupy the rooms, as the business which brought him to the neighborhood was an irregular one. He should come in to morrow to take possession.

"You will be alone?" said the old woman.

"Alone!"

"I mean we are not to expect anyone but yourself?"

"There will be no one but myself."

"At anytime. I mean there will be no family. You are not married?"

"There will be no family. I am a bachelor."

"That will all right, then. We do not cater to children, but of course I am not very strong, and a single gentleman would suit us best. The river is not as bad as they say. Anyway the cool weather is coming, indeed it has come, so we may expect less trouble in that quarter. I do not think you gave us any name with your watch yesterday."

"My name is Edward Fancourt. Would you wish for a deposit or a week's rent in advance?"

"Oh, no. We are counted sharp people down here, and they say that Furham folk are the quickest in London to know respectable people when they see them."

The young man lifted his hat in acknowledgment of this compliment, and of leave-taking, and went out of the shop. He had looked but once at the girl all the time. She was then standing in the doorway smiling, and leading him into the passage. There was no likeness between this girl and that famous beauty of a hundred years ago, but the smile of both had the same power of sweetness.

He had looked at the girl but once all the time. He would make up for this abstinence by and by. Fancy to-morrow he could spend as much of his time as he liked under the same roof with her! Fancy seeing her not less than a dozen times a day and speaking to her six!

At five o'clock punctually he was back at St. Vincent's place. Pollie seemed much brighter and better. Of cold meat left out of what they brought with them, Pollie had made a tiny pie and set it before him with pleased smiles. He insisted that she should share it with him. He was, his wife noticed, more like himself this evening than for a little while back, more soft and amiable and bright. He had more the manner of their courting days.

"And now," she said, seeing how cheerful and pleasant he was, "You are to tell me all about last night?"

His face darkened. They had finished tea and he was filling his pipe with a dreamy look on his face, such as she had often seen and loved so well in the sweet old days. She was sorry she spoke if speaking were the cause of his face changing from delighted reverie to sternness in which there was a tinge of horror.

"Pollie," said he, "you had a bad time last night."

"I had," she said, with a shudder.

"But it was nothing to mine. Mine was enough to shake the strongest reason. Listen:

(To be Continued.)

BEECHAM'S PILLS cures Bilious and Nervous ills.

Footing It.

She—Well!
He—Your father has just left me. When I asked him for your hand I told him that I was ready to put your foot foremost, and——
She—And what did he say?
He—He was prepared to do the same.

For Sleeplessness

USE HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE.

Dr. C. R. Dake, Belleville, Ill., says: "I have found it, and it alone, to be capable of producing a sweet and natural sleep in cases of insomnia from overwork of the brain, which so often occurs in active professional and business men."

Sunlight

BRINGS

Ease and Comfort

WITH poor soaps and old fashioned ways of washing, it is cruel and hard upon women of advancing years to attempt laundry work. But with the world-famed, labor-saving

Sunlight Soap,

Anybody can do a Wash with comparative ease by following the simple directions

With "SUNLIGHT" there's no hard rubbing, sore knuckles, hot steam, or tired backs. A trial will astonish you.

Works: Pt. Sunlight Near Birkenhead — Lever Bros., Limited Toronto

FOR THE TEETH AND BREATH
TEA BERRY.

ATKINSON'S
Parisian Tooth Paste
FOR CLEANING THE TEETH.
30 YEARS IN USE

HEREWARD SPENCER & CO.
CHA KE CHANGE
TEA MERCHANTS
TORONTO.

AMHERST 499 Parliament Street. 463 1-2 Yonge Street.
278 College Street PARKDALE 1402 Queen Street West
63 1-2 King St. West. Telephone 1807

The Wild Ride to Zuleika.

Who can the horseman be who crosses the market place of Mirouan, sitting erect in his saddle, with lance at rest? As soon as he came in sight the date merchants pointed him out to one another and spoke together in low tones.

It is the invincible El-Malek, chieftain of a fierce mountain train, who venerate him as a saint.

Since he lost his son, two years ago, El-Malek speaks but little and never smiles. His beard has become almost white, but his arm has lost nothing of its power; he handles his deadly lance as if it were a reed, and when he urges his faithful horse Yussuf across the desert terror follows as his shadow. Yussuf, like all the horses of the South, has a strong back, slender legs, and large hoofs; like the five favorite mares of the prophet, he is descended from Solomon's famous stables; his coat is snow white, and his long, flowing tail is soft as silk. Yussuf understands and obeys his master's lightest wish.

Erect in his saddle, El-Malek follows with a keen glance among the motley crowd a man in a gold embroidered burnoose, who has just come to Mirouan. The tradesmen, also, point at this man with their fingers, but with a scornful air, as though indicating one stricken with the plague.

This man is Hassan Bey, the insolent chief of the Ouled-Nayls, who, jealous of his brother Ahmed, killed him with arrows shot from afar; he boasts of this deed, and laughs when he sees the crowd move away from him.

He had built upon the D'jelefa plateau, in the center of his tented village, a stone house, which was also a fortress. For many years he had passed his nights watching the Arab girls dance to the sounds of the *derboukas;* but, one evening, passing near a fountain, he had stopped to look at the young girls filling their copper urns. And now he has come to Mirouan to buy bridal ornaments, for Hassan Bey, chief of the Ouled-Nayls, is to marry the beautiful Zuleika.

Zuleika is only a weaver's daughter, but she is very beautiful. The poor child wept, but she wept in vain, for the weaver is a miser, and the chief of the Ouled-Nayls is not the man to allow himself to be thwarted in his wishes. She must marry Hassan Bey, the fratricide.

Who could prevent it, since God permits it? El-Malek had heard this story only an hour before he reached Mirouan, and he had said to himself: "God will not permit it for I will prevent it."

Zuleika had placed her urn upon the ledge of the fountain, but had not thought of filling it. Her companions one after the other had gone away, but she still remained. It was the last time that she would come to the fountain, for to-morrow Hassan Bey would carry her away to his battlemented house, which was sombre as a tomb.

She lifted up her little bronzed hands to heaven imploring that death might come to her. But from the leaden sky no consolation came. Instead, Hassan Bey appeared, riding upon his flame colored horse and escorted by his warriors. He knew that she was at the fountain and wished to see her there where he had met her for the first time. She was compelled to hear his lying words and submit to his impure regard. The young girl turned her eyes away, and as she began to fill her urn her tears mingled with the water.

"Zuleika!"

Who calls? Certainly Hassan Bey can not have disguised his voice with such a grave and manly tone. Who is this man, with the white beard, sitting erect in his saddle, lance in hand, looking at her so compassionately?

"Zuleika!" he called once more, pointing to Hassan Bey, who was approaching.

She looked up, and suddenly her eyes flashed with a new light, for she felt that this man had been sent by God.

"Save me!" she cried: "save me!"

El-Malek held out his hand and aided the young girl to mount before him. Gently holding her frail form he murmured: "Do not be afraid." Then, as though calling upon a brother, El-Malek said: "Yussuf!" The noble animal neighed, and started off like the wind.

After Yussuf rushed Hassan Bay, with furious clamor, followed by his warriors. Some of them made as if to draw their bows. "No!" cried Hassan Bey, "do not shoot. I want them both alive!"

Urged on by gentle caresses, Yussuf flew faster and yet more fast. With loud yells Hassan Bey spurred his horse on, riding ahead of his escort. "They shall not escape me!" he cries, trembling with rage and anxiety.

"Courage, Yussuf," murmurs El-Malek; "you are called the wind of the desert. Show that you deserve your name, my beauty."

The day advances, the sky seems to be on fire, but Yussuf does not falter. Suffocated, at first, by this furious flight, Zuleika now began to breathe more freely; so much ground already gained in the direction of El-Malek's mountain tribe mean possible deliverance. The child added her gentle exhortations to El-Malek's encouragements. Hassan Bey's cries seemed to grow more faint. Had he given up the chase?

But whence come these clamors that seem to start from the heights above them. Have his followers climbed and found a shorter way?

It is not the chief's escort that utters these cries. They come from a cabin high up in the mountain; the occupants are watching the exciting chase. Will El-Malek find allies among these people, or will he meet new enemies? His tribe is not far away; if he is recognized the fugitives are saved. Arms are raised; they are called!

No, the bows send forth their arrows!

Yussuf utters a painful neigh and El-Malek responds with a cry of anguish. An arrow has struck the horse's flank and another has pierced the rider's shoulder.

"Faster, Yussuf! Faster!" beseeches El-Malek.

With a desperate effort, Yussuf straightens himself out and flies under the whizzing arrows. He bounds like a gazelle that feels that the lion is on her track.

"Well done, Yussuf."

Now there are no more arrows to fear; a wall of rocks crown this height. But death is only staved off—blood is streaming from the side of the noble beast; he begins to slacken his pace. El-Malek piles his spurs in vain and Zuleika wastes her caresses and praise, for the poor animal's hoofs slip in the narrow path and he staggers. El-Malek's arm trembles; he is beset with fever; the cool of the falling night does not suffice to refresh his brow; the profile of the violet mountain and the confused shape of the turpentine trees, with their blood-red clusters suspended over the abyss, are mingled before his eyes. He is blinded by vertigo. He can not stop to drink at the brook which flows in the ravine, though a swallow of water would, perhaps, save him.

Hassan Bey has seen traces of blood upon the rocks, and his cries of hate have become cries of joy.

"We have them," he cries; "they are ours!"

And yet his voice trembles; he fears the final struggle and El-Malek's terrible lance.

Night has again passed and the light of morning chases away the jackals that have come, scenting their prey from afar. Yussuf still runs, but much more slowly. Two days' journey separates him from the tribe of which his master is chief. Two days! and Yussuf has but a few hours to live! He feels that with his last breath his beloved master, too, will die. The path becomes narrower. Yussuf reaches the ridge, and, reeling, stops.

"The end has come!" murmured Zuleika, terrified, and for the hundredth time she besought El-Malek: "Do not remain with me. Your horse can still save you alone. Fly!"

"Yussuf can save neither you nor me."

"Then kill me."

"I have promised to save you!"

"God has not wished it to be so. Save me from this man!"

"That is what I am going to do. Alight."

"Ah, yes; I understand you—death is at the bottom of this abyss. I shall seek it."

"You do not understand me. Look!" and with his hand El-Malek pointed to the north, to the other slope of the mountains, which could be seen through the hollow of the rocks.

"You see," he said, "that mirror that shines down there! It is Lake Zahrez. The mountain on the other side of the lake is the Djebel Sahari. There is the tribe of my fathers, there are camped my people. Hasten with all your strength. Order the first herdsman you meet to call in my name to his neighbor, so that from summit to summit my name may wake my warriors. Cry to all the echoes of the mountains: 'El-Malek shall not die unavenged! Go!'"

"But it will take two days at the least."

"I will wait. Go. It is my desire."

"God be with you!" She kissed the hand of the chief who had saved her life; then she ran down the road as quickly as her failing strength would let her.

El Malek planted his lance in the ground and supported himself against it, erect in his saddle. He talked for a long time to Yussuf, and the animal shook his bleeding head.

"Halt!" ordered Hassan Bey. Reaching a turn in the road he had seen El-Malek planted across the defile, and this new attitude astonished and disturbed him.

"Does he pretend to oppose us now? Let us wait, and in the meantime breathe a little."

The advice was good, and no one gainsaid it. Men and horses sought a spring. Hassan Bey, however, did not take his eyes from the redoubtable man who sat there motionless upon his horse between the two walls of rock.

"And now that all have rested enough, forward!"

No one stirred. So long as it was a question of pursuing El Malek, the chief's followers felt brave enough. Now that they were called upon to attack him face to face, the boldest were afraid. Hassan Bey himself trembled.

"Let him begin," said one; "let him come on."

"Very well," growled the chief.

The day declined; the redoubtable sentinel, who had gleamed white in the burning sun, now stood out in black silhouette against the starry sky. Neither horse nor master stirred, and the lance still stood planted in the ground.

The moon rose, and it was an awesome sight to see this motionless warrior under the pale light; he watched the enemy with his steady eyes still open, like diamonds.

"He is covering Zuleika's retreat!" Hassan Bey had said to himself at the very first. He felt that it would cost him his life to continue the pursuit. And yet he remained in his place, changed into a statue, powerless to conquer the fear that emanated from this grand guardian.

After the rosy dawn, the leaden sky; after the red twilight, the blue night; then the aurora again; and the sentinel ever motionless, as well as those whose way he bars. Sometimes the shadow of an eagle makes a fleeting spot on the rocks; then the shadows increase, and great birds come from all corners of the heavens, drawing closer their rapid circles; now it is no longer eagles, but vultures.

They almost touch the lance of the cavalier, but he did not appear to see them. One of them perched upon his shoulder. El-Malek did not stir.

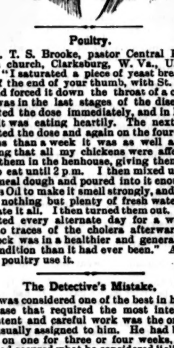
"He is dead!" cried Hassan Bey, mad with anger and spite; and, turning toward his men, who still hesitated, he gave the order: "Forward!"

Neither Hassan Bey nor his men advanced twenty paces. The noise that put the vultures to flight was the galloping of the Bedouin horses that had come from the Djebel-Sahari. The threats that Hassan Bay uttered to keep up his courage were never finished; an arrow pierced his throat, and, falling from his horse, he rolled into the abyss.

"Each one for himself!" cried the Ouled-Nayls.

And while they rushed down the path at full speed, without daring to look back, Zuleika, sobbing, kissed the icy hand of the chieftain who had protected her in death as in life.—*From the French of Emile Moreau.*

A Nobby Cigarette-holder.



Poultry.

Rev. T. S. Brooke, pastor Central Presbyterian church, Clarksburg, W. Va., U. S. A., says: "I saturated a piece of yeast bread, the size of the end of your thumb, with St. Jacobs Oil and forced it down the throat of a chicken that was in the last stages of the disease. I repeated the dose immediately, and in half an hour it was eating heartily. The next day I repeated the dose and again on the fourth day. In less than a week it was as well as ever. Finding that all my chickens were affected, I shut them in the henhouse, giving them nothing to eat until 2 p.m. I then mixed up some corn meal dough and poured into it enough St. Jacobs Oil to make it smell strongly, and giving them nothing but plenty of fresh water, they soon ate it all. I then turned them out. This I repeated every alternate day for a week. I saw no traces of the cholera afterwards, but my flock was in a healthier and generally better condition than it had ever been." All raisers of poultry use it.

The Detective's Mistake.

He was considered one of the best in his line. The case that required the most intelligent, persistent and careful work was the one that was usually assigned to him. He had been at work on one for three or four weeks, and at last had secured what he considered "clinching evidence." It was a bribery case, and his work had been to entrap the would-be briber. He had done it. He had secured a single ten-dollar note of the bribe money, but that was enough. The envelope containing the money had been opened in the presence of three persons and each had put his mark on the bill so that it could be identified.

Naturally he was jubilant. People will be when they think they have won a great victory and he had all the evidence he wanted in his pocket—an inside pocket at that. The bird was practically caught and he went home exulting.

Now, mark what can happen to a man who has victory practically won but is careless. He thought of going to headquarters and depositing his evidence in a vault, but it was long distance and then it would be better anyway to go to the chief in the morning and announce that he had bagged his game. So he took it home.

Once or twice he thought he was followed, but when he reached home he scouted the idea, turned in and slept soundly. Robbery did not occur to him, even in his dreams.

In the morning—well, in the morning the money was gone. He almost fainted when he discovered the loss, and rushed into the dining room crying: "I've been robbed! I've been robbed!"

"Nonsense," replied his wife. "What is missing?"

"A $10 bill."

"I took it," she said calmly. "I wanted to pay the butcher and I didn't want to wake you. But I didn't touch the money in your pocketbook. I just took that loose $10 bill that was in your inside pocket. I'll get you another if you need it, but I thought that was one you had put aside for me."

He didn't try to explain. He didn't even answer; but he hunted up a broad, smooth sheet of water, and for an hour stood looking over it muttering to himself. At last he seemed to have made up his mind. He hastily wrote a note to the chief, took it to headquarters and left it. A minute later he was lost in the crowd on the street.

The note read:

"Please put me back on patrol duty. Several years ago I made a serious blunder that makes me unfit for detective work. I married."—*Detroit Free Press.*

Two Harvest Excursions.

Via the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway on Tuesday, August 30, and September 27, 1892.

Where the grasses are kissed by the wandering breeze
And the fields are rich with the golden grain;
Where the schooner ploughs through the prairie seas,
To its destined port on the western plain;
Where homes may never be sought in vain,
And hope is the thriftiest plant that grows;
Where man may ever his rights maintain,
And land is as free as the wind that blows.

For further particulars apply to the nearest ticket agent or address A. J. Taylor, Canadian Passenger Agent, 4 Palmer House Block, Toronto, Ont.

Working Over Time.

Wife (who has returned suddenly)—How dared you play poker in the house while I was away?

Husband—How could I help it, my dear? You were coming home twice as much as my salary, and it was the only chance I had of making both ends meet.

Magnificent New Vestibule Pullman Sleepers, Toronto to New York.

The Erie Railway have had the Pullman Palace Car Company build two of the finest Pullman sleepers that ever run between Toronto and New York. Every person who ever traveled in a Pullman sleeper will agree with us their equal cannot be found for convenience and comfort. The interior of these cars are handsomely decorated and lighted with all the latest improvements, such as pintsch gas and finished in gold plush, drawing-room with annex, ladies' toilet-room with double washroom, with portiers, hot and cold water, and a well stocked buffa in every sleeper. The scenery along this picturesque route cannot be equalled in the Eastern States. By traveling via this great route you avoid being smothered in soft coal cinders and dust along the road, as they burn nothing but hard coal. Every foot of the road is stone ballast. You must also remember this is also a double track road. The above sleepers leave Toronto at 4.55 p.m., daily, except Sundays.

He Was Satisfied on Earth.

Atkins—Say, Bill, I've a splendid job for you.

Bill—What is that?

Atkins—Why, that parachute man got killed yesterday an' de circus man wants some one to go up in de balloon and jump out fer twenty-five dollars.

Bill—Well, ground's good 'nough fer me.

Authorized Canadian edition. Stevenson's new romance, The Wrecker, by Robert Louis Stevenson. Mr. Stevenson's thrilling romance of the South Seas has been universally pronounced the most absorbing piece of fiction of the year, while appearing in *Scribner's Magazine.* It is a story of daring adventure, of lost treasure, of shipwreck, of rescue and mutiny, worthy to rank with Kidnapped and Treasure Island. Toronto: The National Publishing Company.

A Clever Ruse.

"What's the idea of putting that card 'sold' by the picture?" asked the man who had given the artist room in his front window to display his latest creation.

"Then some one will sure to want to buy it," replied the artist.

It Didn't Pay.

Miss Culture—Mr. Lardy, do you ever write for the magazine now?

Lardy—No.

Miss Culture—Why?

Lardy—Well, I sold them a story for five dollars eight years ago and then spent thirty-three dollars and sixty cents buying the magazine every month before it came out.

Customs at the Seashore.

Anxious Mamma—Where is Miss Ethel?

Maid—You'll find her sitting on the sand at the beach, ma'am.

Anxious Mamma—I hope she hasn't ventured into the surf!

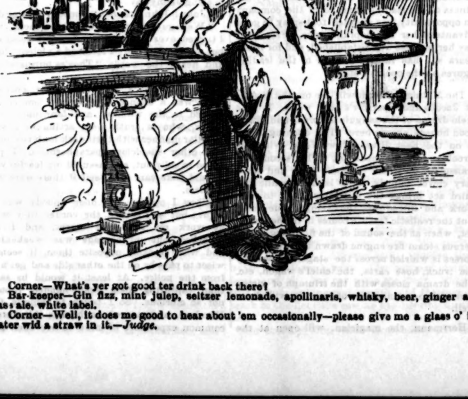
Maid—No fear of that, ma'am. She put on her Sunday bathing suit.

The First False Step.

"Did he show any predilection for a criminal career when he was a boy?"

"No; but he got in with evil companions. He used to pump the organ for a church choir."

He Liked to Hear About Them.



Corner—What's yer got good ter drink back there?

Bar-keeper—Gin fizz, mint julep, seltzer lemonade, apollinaris, whisky, beer, ginger ale, Bass ale, white label.

Corner—Well, it does me good to hear about 'em occasionally—please give me a glass o' ice water wid a straw in it.—*Judge.*

Prompt-Safe-Certain

Rapidly

Dissolve

Speedily

Assimilate

The delicate sugar-coating of AYER'S Pills dissolves immediately, on reaching the stomach, and permits the full strength of the ingredients to be speedily assimilated; hence, *every dose is effective.* AYER'S Pills are the most popular, safe, and useful aperient in pharmacy. They have no equal as a cathartic, stomachic, or antibilious medicine. Physicians everywhere recommend them for the relief and cure of constipation, dyspepsia, biliousness, sick headache, loss of appetite, colds, chills, fevers, and rheumatism. They are carefully put up both in vials and boxes, for home use and export.

Constipation
Dyspepsia
Biliousness
Headache

"I have been using Ayer's Pills for over twenty-five years, both personally and in my practice, with the best possible results, and recommend them in cases of chronic diarrhœa, knowing their efficiency from personal experience, they having cured when other medicines failed."—S. C. Webb, M. D., Liberty, Miss.

Ayer's Cathartic Pills

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Every Dose Effective.

Napoleon and the Old Grenadier.

It was at an extempore review held in the presence of the enemy at Ratisbon that Napoleon first granted gratuities to private soldiers, appointing them knights of the empire and members of the Legion of Honor. An old grenadier, who had made the campaigns of Italy and Egypt, not hearing his name called, came up and calmly asked for the Cross.

"But," said Napoleon, "what have you done to deserve it?"

"It was I, sir, who in the desert of Joppa, when it was so terribly hot, gave you a watermelon."

"I thank you for it again; but the gift of the fruit is hardly worth the Cross of the Legion of Honor."

Then the grenadier, who up till then had been as cool as ice, working himself up into a frenzy, shouted with the utmost volubility:

"Well, and don't you reckon seven wounds received at the bridge of Arcola, at Lodi and Castiglione, at the Pyramids, at Acre, Austerlitz, at Friedland, eleven campaigns in Italy, Egypt, Prussia, Poland?"

But the emperor cut him short, laughing, and, mimicking his excited manner, cried:

"There, there—how you work yourself up when you come to the essential point! That is where you ought to have begun; it is worth a great deal more than your melon. I make you a knight of the empire with a pension of twelve hundred francs."

Had To Do It.

Bunker—I hear that Warble has married an actress.

Hill—How did he come to do that?

Bunker—He has written a play, and that is the only way he could get a manager to read it.

Not His Fault.

Parent (trembling with emotion)—You are audacious!—you are heartless! She is my only child!

Suitor (wishing to pacify)—But, my dear sir, you—er—you can't blame for that.

An Unfailing Sign.

Wife (impatiently)—This new dress doesn't set well, and I know it.

Husband—What makes you think so?

Wife—It's too comfortable.

To Be Seen.

"Put on some more clothes, Mandy!" shrieked the elderly aunt at the watering place; "folks will see you," she added, horror struck.

"Aunt Julia," replied Amanda, as she went out among the waves with all the trustful innocence of a Texas statesman, "what are we here for?"

A Home-Like Place.

Little Dick—Mamma, may I go over to Johnnie Black's to play?

Mamma—Why do you spend all your time at Johnnie Black's?

Little Dick—His mamma hasn't any new carpets.

Excuse Enough.

Police Commissioner—You are accused of having fallen asleep on your beat. What excuse have you to offer?

Delinquent Cop—Plaze, yer hanner, iverybody on the beat had paid oop, an' dithere was no wan to watch.

In Reserve.

Old Mr. Bulstrode is so fond of bragging of the goods of this world that are in his possession, that occasionally amusement, and again offence is the result. He was entertaining a small company of friends at dinner one evening, when one asked his pardon for putting ice in his claret, saying that he was peculiar enough to prefer his that way.

"That is all right," replied Mr. Bulstrode cordially. "I like it that way myself. Now then," growing interested, "I have claret that I would not like any one to put ice in."

In Full Sympathy.

Iceman (gruffly)—Wot are yer a sittin' on that ice for? Get off!

Boy (with emotion)—Wuz yer ever a boy?

Iceman—Of course I wuz!

Boy—An' did yer never play hookey?

Iceman—Of course I did!

Boy—An' when yer got home did yer father never take a cowhide an'—

Iceman (with a sob in his throat)—Sit still where you are my little man, I understand!

(Overcome by his emotion he gives light weight to his customer).

Not Likely.

At a small loch, about twenty-five miles from the town of Aberdeen, a certain Lord B. was watched while fishing by a shepherd laddie for a period of over two hours, during which time his lordship did not catch a single fish. Getting rather annoyed he addressed the boy:

"I say, my little lad, do you know if there are any fish in the pond?"

"Well, yer lordship," the boy replied, "if there is oy they must be awfu' wan, 'cause there wis nae watter there tae it rained yesterday."

A Solemn Occasion.

Mrs. De Goode—What? Is it possible that you went to a concert hall on Sunday evening?

Mr. De Goode—Y—e—s, but the performance was very solemn, my dear; mostly topical songs.

Able for Her.

Mrs. Beacon (thinking to put Harry at his ease)—And what are you doing with yourself these days, Harry?

Harry (set six)—I am now writing a history of the world.

Impossible.

"Me mamma says I can't play with you 'cause you have the mumps."

"Ah, go on! 'Taint so, fer I give 'em to Sammy Gibbs day afore yisteday."

He Was a Pitcher.

Matthews—Why, hello, Benson! What yer been doin' all summer?

Benson—Oh, I've been pitchin'.

Matthews—Fer de Baltimore nine!

Benson—No; fer a coal-yard.

"WORTH A GUINEA A BOX."

BEECHAM'S PILLS

(Tasteless—Effectual.)

For Sick-Headache, Impaired Digestion, Liver Disorders and Female Ailments.

Renowned all over the World.

Covered with a Tasteless & Soluble Coating.

Ask for Beecham's and take no others.

Made at St. Helens, England.

Wholesale Agts. Evans & Sons, Ld. Montreal.

For Spring and Summer.

DUNN'S FRUIT SALINE

NATURE'S GREAT RESTORER!

Delightfully Refreshing.

BY ALL CHEMISTS.

The High Speed Family Knitter

Price $5

Will knit a stocking heel and toe in ten minutes. Will knit everything required in the household from homespun or factory. Circular free. The most practical knitter on the market. A child can operate it. Strong, Durable, Simple, Rapid. Satisfaction guaranteed or no pay. Agents wanted. For particulars and sample work, address

Carden & Gearhart, Dundas, Ont., Canada.

POWELL'S PIMPLE + + + PILLS

Act Like Magic

... IN REMOVING ALL ...

BLEMISHES

FROM THE SKIN.

PRICE 25 CENTS.

For sale by all Druggists, or sent on receipt of price, by

HATTIE & MYLIUS, HALIFAX, CANADA

WITHOUT A BLEMISH

Pico's Remedy for Catarrh is the Best, Easiest to Use, and Cheapest.

CATARRH

Sold by druggists or sent by mail. 50c. E. T. Hazeltine, Warren, Pa.

The Toronto Saturday Night

EDMUND E. SHEPPARD - - Editor.

SATURDAY NIGHT is a twelve-page, handsomely illustrated paper, published weekly and devoted to its readers.

Office, 9 Adelaide Street West, Toronto.

TELEPHONE 1709.

Subscriptions will be received on the following terms:

One Year	$2 00
Six Months	1 00
Three Months	50

Delivered in Toronto, 50c. per annum extra.

Advertising rates made known on application at the business office.

THE SHEPPARD PUBLISHING CO. (Ltd.), Prop'rs.

VOL. V] TORONTO, AUG. 27, 1892. [No. 40

The Way We Look At It.

I THOUGHT I would take three subjects for a lecture, or rather for a heading, to write about, and, as the Yankees say, there's a heap to be said on the subject. Most people have two eyes to see with, but then again I have heard it remarked that out of a number of people in a room, meeting accidentally, that in comparing notes about one-third only could see out of one eye, the other eye being blind. But the ordinary seer or observer sees things so differently, as Mrs. Brown remarks to Mrs. Smith, "Didn't Mr. Black look well?" "Oh, did you think so? I thought he looked miserable, and so thin too." "Did you think he was thin? Why I thought he was quite fleshy." They had both beheld the same object and at the same time. What was the matter? We have all heard of the young man who sees twice as much in his girl as anyone else sees, a contradiction of the notion that love is blind. One man looks at Niagara and sees no wonderful work of nature, in fact remarks that he can't see anything wonderful there, for how could it help falling? Another sees it in all its magnificence, as too great for human art. Notice what an artist sees in the coloring of the landscape, of the sunset, of the clouds, when to us there is no coloring, no scenery, only a sameness without change or beauty. One sees and enjoys, another sees, and in seeing does not perceive. I know a lady who always sees just what you want; you may be looking quietly for an article when you hear: "Are you looking for the scissors?" and the willing hand has picked them up and handed them to you. You are tired; the same pair of eyes see it. You are not well; the same pair of eyes notice, the same willing hands prepare a remedy. In that home are six pairs of eyes. I was there as a visitor for a few weeks, and as I had a weak ankle which I occasionally bathed with hot water, I could wait on myself, but this one pair of eyes had noticed, and "What is it? would come the question; and while I would reply that I was going to heat some water, the water would be put on for me, and brought to me, with another application as well. The other pairs of eyes never observed, they apparently expected it from auntie. Now, wherein was the difference of the sight, of the different pairs of eyes? I once read of a bet two men had. A man with one eye laid another man a wager that he (the one-eyed man) saw more than the other. The wager was accepted. "You have lost," said the one-eyed man, "for I can see two eyes in your face and you can see only one in mine." I think that can be called a single-eyed fact. The strikers and owners of the Carnegie works in Pennsylvania did not see alike, but they both saw it like this.

"Yes, sir," said a pompous manufacturer, "I consider myself a benefactor of the human race. I feed two hundred people in my factory!"

"You do!" replied a bystander. "Goodness! and all the time I was under the impression that they fed you!" Where was the difference, and, oh, the difference!

And so in hearing how differently people hear and interpret the same words. In listening to a sermon one Sabbath night which touched a little too heavy on the wrong side of politics, (for, you know, there is a wrong side, but which side has it? Can there be two right sides to anything?) The opposition were disgusted, while the listeners on the same side as the reverend gentleman remarked in the after discussion, "Well, what did he say? Why, I heard him that night and I never noticed that he touched on politics at all." The one had got ruffled, the other was smoothed, and yet they were both hearers to the same words. In an Eastern campaign for the Scott Act a minister, after an eloquent address and an earnest appeal for all voters to vote for the Scott Act, finished with a final "Vote for it, vote for the Scott Act!" and as his eyes took a far away look as if seeing the evil that might result to the anti-voter, he concluded with, "May the right arm be withered before it registers its vote against the Scott Act." The next day in passing down the street I overheard: "He never said it. I was there and heard him and he never said it." Here was a lady denying to an anti-Scott Act man who had not been there, but who had been told by some others who were there, that Mr. C. had thrown the anathema at them, wishing that their right arms might be withered if they voted against the Scott Act. The lady had been a good listener, and had only heard the substance as the speaker intended, without retaining the exact words, for he only meant that it would be better for the right arm to be withered before it helped with a law that might curse that same right arm.

The anti's heard it one way, the Scott Act workers—well, some like the lady I have mentioned did not hear the phrase at all, while others like myself heard the sentence but could see his meaning, which to us was not an anathema, but simply a pleading for a result.

A political meeting with both parties present is about the best place to watch the countenances of the ones who can't hear alike. A joke perpetrated by one side, and enjoyed accordingly, is met by the opposition with funereal looks, or rather an astounded look, which says, "Was that a joke, if it was I couldn't see the point."

"There are lots of things in this world we can't explain and that is just what makes the things we can explain the more certain."

LIZ.

The Drama.

JERRY, the Tramp, has been entertaining large houses at Jacobs & Sparrow's all week. J. W. Summers in the title *role* forms the attraction, and I will risk my reputation as a prophet on the statement that his name will be much better known one day than it is now. Gossip says that it is not long since he tried in vain to get a manager to put him on the road, and at last he was forced to go west and start for himself on a small scale. Now he does not require to go begging for a manager. What he can do in any other line I do not know, but an actor who has such a knowledge of character as to portray a tramp as he does is likely to show up pretty well in any *role*. His tramp is the right and real thing, not that impossible tramp who exists only on the stage and in absurd rags. Tramps dress absurdly enough without the actor going them half a dozen better. What I liked about Summers was this, that he made me feel as though I had met him before, as though I had passed him on the road, covered with dust, or had seen him sleeping in a fence corner. Then he does not strive to be funny, it costs him no effort. Some men in playing such a part go to such pains that they might as well walk up to the footlights and say: "Ladies and gentlemen, I am a funny man. My part is a funny part and I'm the man to bring it out. You are expected to laugh at me; if you don't laugh at me, ladies and gentlemen, I will lose my job, for the manager is looking on from behind that wing, although you can't see him. Now, ladies and gentlemen, watch me close." In the second act where Jerry introduces himself to the Leighs as Robert Grahame and plays what he feels to be a rascally part, he does it well and shows a streak of a quieter kind of humor, such as seems to belong exclusively to Roland Reed. I think the playwright would have improved the symmetry of his production if he had put a little more work upon Nana Leigh—had, for instance, made her go through a bit of perturbation before leaving home with such "a tintype kind of a father who bobbed up like a jack-in-the-box," as Jerry admitted. Miss Toncray could have carried such a bit of work off rather handsomely, too. Colonel Leigh might have blustered and fumed and made a fuss more in keeping with his presumed army record and the dimensions of his person, but the demand of the time is, no doubt, to cut short the serious and protract the funny. Summers himself and Miss Toncray are really the only people in the cast who require to be clever and they fill the requirements extra well. The others play up to, but not beyond their opportunities.

Plump and pretty Annie Myers, the prima donna soubrette of the Tar and Tartar Company, to be at the Grand Opera House next Monday, is one of the highest priced stars on the stage. She receives a salary of $350 a week, and among the light opera queens only

ANNIE MYERS.

Lillian Russell and Marie Tempest command larger compensation. Annie Myers hails from Baltimore. Ten years ago she applied to the Ford Opera Company for and was given a position in the chorus at $10 a week. By the illness of the leading soprano of the company an opportunity was afforded to display to good advantage her fine soprano voice. From that day her success was established, and for many years she has ranked as one of the leading figures on the operatic stage.

The Midnight Alarm will be on the boards at Jacobs and Sparrow's next week. It is a melo-drama of the sanguinary order and draws good houses everywhere. The opening scene is on the East River, New York, with the Brooklyn Bridge near by. The second act transpires on Uncle Gideon's farm and some very clever comedy work is done, while the third act brings the spectator back to New York and introduces the living statue clock. But the realistic feature comes in in the fourth act, when at the sound of the fire gong a ponderous steam fire engine drawn by two trained horses is whirled across the stage, followed by the truck, hose carts, the chief's wagon, etc. The drama closes with the triumph of virtue and with some nice bits of fun. It will draw well.

Herrmann, the magician, will open at the Academy of Music on Wednesday, September 7. This weird stage worker should be seen even by people who never go out to the theater, because his performance is something that will set one thinking about the mysterious forces around us. Those who have been reading our story, In the Days of the Mutiny, will have marveled at the feats performed by Rujub, the fakir; they will have marveled unless they put it all down as the idle imaginings of the novelist Henty, but I have seen Herrmann perform some of the very feats attributed to Rujub and marveled at by Dr. Wade and Bathurst, and others quite as astounding. One of the magician's new tricks is to cause a Chinaman to disappear from the stage under your eyes, and to reappear by your side in the audience.

MACK.

Fanny Davenport is temporarily living in Wales. She does not resume acting until November 8.

Mrs. John Drew, who has managed the Arch Street Theater in Philadelphia for a generation, will move to New York.

Madame La Maupin, the celebrated French singer (1693-1707) was an irrepressible madcap. She eloped from her husband in Paris and, adopting male attire, sang at the Marseilles Opera House under the name of D'Aubigny. A foolish girl of the city saw the supposed M. D'Aubigny on the stage, and, struck with his appearance, fell in love with him. Madame La Maupin, for a whim, encouraged this predilection, but the friends of the young lady placed her in a convent at Avignon. The actress followed her admirer, and, resuming the woman's gear which she had discarded, applied at the convent to be received as a novice, being determined to carry off the young lady whom she had pursued. An opportunity soon presented itself. One of the nuns died and was soon buried within the precincts of the convent. La Maupin disinterred the corpse, laid it on the bed of the young Marseillaise, set fire to the chamber, and in the confusion made her escape with the infatuated girl. Immediately on the discovery of this double crime Madame La Maupin was arraigned in her theatrical name and condemned to be burnt for contumacy. She escaped to Provence, and the silly Marseillaise was restored to her friends.

Minnie Seligman and Robert Livingston Cutting, jr., of New York, have created a theatrical and social sensation by getting married after a three weeks' acquaintance. In New York society the news that a Cutting and a Livingston Cutting, mind you, had married an actress—a divorced actress—was enough to set tongues wagging at a great rate. And among theatergoers all over the country the news that that clever woman, Minnie Seligman, had tried another matrimonial venture awakened the liveliest sort of interest. The marriage ceremony took place in the house of Rev. Dr. Frank L. Humphreys, an Episcopal clergyman at Monmouth Beach, on July 28. Mr. Cutting met Miss Seligman for the first time on July 2. So rapid was the courtship that before four weeks elapsed Miss Seligman had become Mrs. Cutting. No one, not even the closest friends of the bride and groom, knew anything about the marriage until August 3, when Mr. Cutting went to Saratoga to tell his father, and Mrs. Cutting went to New York to visit friends. Mr. Cutting returned from Saratoga on August 10, and since then he and his wife have been living with friends and at the San Remo Hotel. On Saturday Mr. and Mrs. Cutting drove from the San Remo to Mrs. Cutting's sister's home at 119 West Seventy-eighth street, and after a three hours' visit there they left town on what Mr. Cutting terms their honeymoon. Minnie Seligman's life has been full of romance, as the lives of actresses go. She has been before the public only a little more than five years, and in all that time it has been the boast of her friends that she never made a failure. There seems to be truth in that bold assertion, for it is not often that actresses who start modestly, as Minnie Seligman surely did, rise to the conspicuous place in her profession which she has gained. In a few weeks, if her marriage has not interfered, she is to be a full fledged star, with a brand new play, a big company, and a shrewd manager in Frank W. Sanger, late of the Broadway Theater. Mr. Cutting says that the marriage will not interfere with his wife's theatrical arrangements for this season. Minnie Seligman is a German Jewess, and all who have seen her admit that she possesses singular talent. Her divorce from Dr. Kauffman left on her no stain of reproach, and in the trial she testified with exceeding regret against the little red-faced doll of a man, her retiring husband. Mr. Cutting is an amateur actor who may buoy himself into public favor on the genius and reputation of his wife.

A Midnight Adventure.

JENNIE and I live happily and peacefully in a cosy home in the Flowery Suburb, and one adventure alone has ever befallen us. One night last April I retired early after a hard day at the office, but was awakened by hearing Jenny say:

"John! John! there's somebody coming in."

"Well, go and open the door for them," and I turned over in a more comfortable position; but no rest for me. I received a violent shake and heard the words, "They're burglars, get up."

At that word I was thoroughly aroused. Here was a chance to show my bravery. I rushed to the window, and four men were below, who in truth were acting in a very peculiar manner with their dark lanterns, poles and other suspicious paraphernalia. I prepared to sally out, and assured my fearful wife I could take care of myself if there were fifty of them.

When I opened the door nobody was in sight; but as I turned the corner they were at work on the next street, and I approached, but my courage was weakening, and when I came opposite them, it seemed wiser to pass by on the other side and get help from the police. At least it would be safer than capturing them single-handed, though not so glorious. So I began to whistle Old Hundred, and glanced at them as if it were a common experience of mine to see such performances. After passing them, I scarcely breathed, for I expected a bullet in my back to silence me and secure their retreat.

Safely out of range, I hastened to the police station. The officer in charge heard my story somewhat incredulously, but when he saw them come out on Queen street, and quietly hasten away, he sent a single policeman after them. I had been thinking of my comfortable bed, but my courage began to revive in the company of the policeman, and I accompanied him, determined to see the end of the affair.

We approached the robbers. The policeman's face assumed a fierce and threatening expression, too fierce to be natural, and I did my best to imitate him. Suddenly he stopped, with an air of relief quite visible through his assumed look of disappointment. "D'ye see that tin pail one of them has? It's only them sparrow catchers. I thought it was too early for burglars."

This, then, was the latest annoyance of that pest, the English sparrow. Not content with driving the farmer to despair, it must invade the peace of the city, and the bounty placed on its head disturbs the nightly repose of the citizens.

A. NORMAN.

Lady Brooke's name has been so intimately connected with baccarat and beauty, that the fact that she does a great deal of good for her sex has been lost sight of. Even while she was Miss Maynard, one of the greatest heiresses in England, she took the greatest interest in every kind of work that could be useful to the wives and daughters of her tenants. She had a large school built in the village, and there the poor women of the neighborhood were taught needlework. Her idea has always been to furnish an employment to girls which will enable them to remain at home instead of becoming shopgirls and barmaids, or going out to service, or getting employment in factories. Since she became Lady Brooke she has taken a small shop in Bond Street, London, where the needlework from her school is disposed of.

Mr. Robert Todd Lincoln, the American Minister to Great Britain, who is just now in great demand by the fifty thousand Americans in London, is the only surviving member of the family of the martyred Abraham Lincoln. With the exception, however, of bright, piercing eyes, he has none of the features of his father. In his early life—he is forty-six now—he realized not a little of the pressure of that popular tyranny which demands that a great man's son shall be a counterpart of him. He resembled not to yield to it, but to live his own life and make his own place. He has done both.

Miss Mary E. Wilkins, the fair New Englander who has won lasting fame by her marvelous pen pictures of village life, is a frail bit of a girl scarce five feet in height. She is modest and unassuming to a degree, and her manuscripts, written in the uncertain hand of a school-girl, are a surprise to the editor who, handling them for the first time, expects to find in her chirography something of the confident touch of one conscious of her power.

How He Conquers.

Detroit possesses one of the most modest men in the world. Yet, withal, he is very successful in business, and now he is successful in his heart affairs.

Possibly it was because he was so busy that he had no time to learn the art of love, but whether so or not, it is true that in some fifteen years of manhood he had made no progress in securing a mate until within the last three months.

A year ago a very intelligent and handsome young woman took a position in his office as typewriter.

From the very beginning he admired her, and day after day as she did her work, this admiration grew into something stronger. Six months after her first day's work he called at her mother's house to see her, and after that he liked her still better, and it soon became evident that she had a preference for him, but his diffidence was too great and he never dared venture beyond the limit of a pleasant friendship, or, at least, he never mentioned it to anyone if he did, and least of all to the pretty typewriter.

A month ago, however, a happy thought struck him and he proceeded to put it into execution. About four o'clock one afternoon he came into his place of business with an air of heroic determination.

"I wish, Miss D.," he said to the young woman, "you would bring your typewriter into my private office. I have a special letter I want written."

"Certainly," she replied and followed him, the porter carrying the instrument.

"Now," he said, when everything was fixed and the door shut, "will you please write carefully what I have to say?"

She nodded and the instrument began to click:

"DETROIT, MICH., July 10, 1892.

"DEAR MOTHER,—I write to you to-day to inform you of a fact which I am sure you will be glad to hear of. For the first time in my life I am in love."

The instrument gave a half choke and the girl appeared to have caught her finger or been hurt some way, but the man gave little heed to it.

"The woman," he went on, "who has won my heart is rich——"

Again the instrument hitched and the poor little typewriter gave a gasp. It had not occurred to her before to think so much of this man.

"In all the grace," he said slowly, "which constitute true womanliness, and if for my heart which she has unknowingly taken from me, I may hope to win her, I am sure I shall have a wife and you a daughter we shall both be proud of."

The pretty typewriter had recovered her wonted skill and was writing along without a flutter.

"I have never spoken to her," he continued, "on the subject, and never shall, for to do so, for I cannot, unless there is hope for love, for we are very good friends, and I understand that where love ends a friendship cannot exist, and I do not care to hazard that which I have for that which may never be."

He stopped a moment and the young woman looked up quietly for him to proceed.

"Dear mother," he went on, "this young woman who has so gently and innocently led me captive, and who has all my future happiness in her hands——"

The girl was growing nervous again, and that she was making an effort to conceal her suffering was plain, but the man gave no more heed than at first.

"If," he went on, "my typewriter and——"

Then she stopped before she had written the last two words, and raising her big brown eyes to his face she looked at him questioningly.

He stretched out his hands to her helplessly and fifteen minutes later he said to her smilingly:

"Let us write a new letter, dear, to our mother."

And she did so.—*Detroit Free Press.*

The Priest of the Golden Bough.

For Saturday Night.

NOTE.—One of the old myths of tree worship is of a priest stationed in a grove in the Alban Hills, which grove had a magical golden bough. The priest could only be replaced by being slain, and won his position by killing his predecessor. The powers attributed to this sacred personage are vague and sometimes illimitable. Pausanias says that the priest had to be a runaway slave. The writer begs to say that he does not bind himself hard and fast as to his archæological orthodoxy.

Here in mine own sacred grove,
Here in my green sacred hills,
Priest of the mystical bough,
Stand I, the Priest of the Earth;
Sunshine and rain I command,
Lightning and winds at my word,
Harvest and plenty my gift;
And as my wheat spears spring forth
Bright, from the dark, fecund earth,
Strong from the death and decay,
Then in their fullness are cut;
Slew I the lord of this grove,
Reign I awhile over all,
Then in my turn shall be slain.

Slain—but alas, I am strong,
Feared is the strength of mine arm;
No man dare pluck him the Bough;
All unattacked do I reign.

I was an Ethiop slave,
And in that far, sun-kissed land,
Had I a brother, one born
In the same hour with me.
Grew we together—our hearts
Growing together the while,
Grew in the sun, dark and strong,
Till we in bondage were ta'en
Unto strange lands far apart.
But, ere we spoke that "farewell,"
Farewell to love and to joy,
Farewell to sunshine and song,
He on my bronzed, dusky arm
His sacred amulet placed.

Years did I bend to the yoke
These mighty shoulders, and nought
Heard I of him, and at last
Into the wilds I escaped.
Then in rejoicing I sang,
Sang with the wind over the reeds,
Sang with the streams from the hills,
Sang "I am free, I am free;"
Singing the songs of my youth,
Singing of prowess and strength,
Looking above at the stars,
Myriad worlds—came the thought
I once the slave, would be lord.

Maddened, I came to this grove,
Grove of the dark, fabled priest,
Strongest of men of the earth,
Who dauntless all comers had slain.
Maddened, I plucked me the Bough,
Rushed on the Ethiop priest;
Then many hours we fought,
And when I struck to the death
I myself almost was slain.

Dying, he lay on the ground;
Dying, may hap, prone I lay;
Raising his eyelids at last,
Wav'ring, he gazed till his eye
Lit on my amulet bright;
"Brother!" he cried, and his form
Mangled and bleeding and torn
Dragged to my side, and his lips
Laying on mine, he died.
I was the victor at last,
I my loved brother had slain.

But, at the thought, grim I smiled,
I ruled o'er Nature's wide world,
Ruler of winds and of rains
Ruler of seasons and storms.

So stand I here in my Grove
Waiting for him who shall come,
Pluck him the gold fruitful Bough,
Slay me and rule Nature's world;
But he comes not, I am feared,
Slew I the strongest of men.

In my grief lonely I stand
Priest of the famed Golden Bough,
Ruler of seasons and storms
Here in my green sacred Grove,
Here in mine own Alban Hills.

HECTOR W. CHARLESWORTH.

The Press.

For Saturday Night.

Hail, mighty power! the greatest of the day;
Unlimited the realm that owns thy sway.
Kings how before the potence of thy spell,
The good which thou hast wrought no tongue can tell.
Like the great sun, before thee darkness flies;
Thy patrons are the good, the great, the wise.
In darkness are all nations till thy light
Dispels the gloom; morn takes the place of night.
Fancy mankind deprived of all thy treasures!
Pause in the whirl of life and try to measure
The misery, the perfect desolation,
The gloom, the deep despair of every nation.
How wisely did great Shakespeare say, "There's naught
That we possessing, value as we ought."
Think of the light, by Egypt's host enjoyed,
Snatched suddenly away and for a time destroyed.
How great their terror! how boundless their dismay!
Yet, had they rightly prized the light of day!
Oh, may we rightly prize the blessings we possess,
And help, encourage, cheer the workers for The Press.

THEODORE.

Fair Charm, Farewell.

For Saturday Night.

Thy yellow tresses, like golden sunbeams
May o'er thy bright and graceful shoulders fall;
Thy voice, the rippling of the silvery streams,
May roll from out its ruby folders small;
Thy dimples, creases in a primrose flow'r;
Thy teeth, as dewdrops found on the lawn,
May steal upon thy lily cheeks a shower;
Thy teeth may be two rows of pearls laset;
These thy only charms? Take, then, back thy love.
No firm response can these within me move.

Thy form as graceful as the bounding fawn,
As perfect as Venus' chiseled mould;
And thou canst dance or tennis on the lawn,
In all thy ways surpass that form of old.
To all this grace, hast thou no other charms?
Where is a woman's heart both warm and true
For me to love and keep from threatening harms?
Better live with loobengs than dwell with you,
For they in time would gently melt away,
But thou would'st colder grow day after day.

SAGASTAO.

Poeticus and Practicus.

For Saturday Night.

The afternoon was mellow and the air
Was fragrant, bearing everywhere
The toxic scent of new-mown hay.
Back from the distant city, pale and fair
As ever was a student there,
I rode and talked with Hiram Gray
Of poetry.

He hearkened to me with a quiet mien,
And then drawled, pointing o'er the scene:
"I ain't no po'ty nor scholar born;
I'll tow that air crap outsin' holds its green
An' yuk yuh, he's a-movin clean.
Be gosh, that's bully feedin' corn
Out yander!"

PAUL PEDRO.

Between You and Me.

TO everything its season! says the proverb, and just about now is the season for huge posters and high-colored bills to proclaim throughout the country the date and place of the September fairs. Every year I say determinately: "I won't go near the Exhibition," but ever since I have belonged to Toronto I have determinately gone! Of course I have fun; no one with the smallest shade of humor in their make-up could help it, and I get tired of life and living long before I get home. I do hope this year that the busy men who pervade the atmosphere with ribbons on their coat-flaps will brace up and look after some little matters which will affect my comfort, and the lack of which makes me grumble. Would I could see a comfortable lavatory where for five cents I could wash the dust off my hands and face! Would I could have ice cream on the grounds! To be clean and cool would make me feel in the humor to listen to half a dozen pianos, all simultaneously playing different tunes. I should be able, with the aid of my trusty hat-pin, to get into the front row at the pancake counter, and even to pierce the crowd at the door of the grand stand on Farmers' Day. I took a wheel out to the Exhibition Park about a week ago, at six o'clock on a golden summer evening. It was very green on the grass, very lovely on the flower beds, and, beside myself, there were six people in it.

*

A correspondent has written to ask me to suggest some suitable present for a young friend of hers who is about to be married. It is perhaps easier to tell you what not to get, Dorothy, than what to get. Don't get plated ware, by the love you bear your friend, by my past and present grief and labor, I conjure you! and don't get books! The tiniest salt spoons, the daintiest, plainest sugar sifter, of real true silver, with her name on, will in after years call up your memory gratefully, while the huge plated fruit dish, the unwieldy claret jug or the tarnished salver will make her think of you, well not with blessings! So many lovely things in china too are for the choosing, but be sure what you choose is capable of being put to some use. You don't say, Dorothy, how your finances are, but your paper and envelope are of the daintiest and scented with violets, so I fancy you can spare five dollars at all events. Just ask for the newest useful things, in jewelers, or china shops. A box of gloves is always an acceptable gift, but unless you are intimate friends it would be a little too personal. Souvenir spoons are pretty, as are silver bon-bon dishes, and not very expensive.

*

"Why don't people take the same interest in the Haven that they do in other charities?" asked a serious-eyed lady of me the other day. "Well, don't they!" "Indeed, no," and with this emphatic denial I went over to look at the Haven and see for myself what there was to be interested in. I never got any further than the first room! It looked so very interesting that I crowded in, past the ironing boards and the warm busy workers to where, strung line on line, neatly pinned and exquisitely laundered, hung the trousseau of some expected blessing. Oh, you should have seen the cunning gowns and robes and nighties, holding out small embroidered arms, as much as to say: "Do take me off these lines and put me on the baby!" or the quaint little caps or the silky flannels, just ready to wrap the tender thing up and cosy its small bald head. It was just too sweet for anything, and the laundress laughed while I poked gingerly about and exclaimed, and finally awoke to the fact that I had forgotten to praise her skill. The quarters which are devoted to laundry work are very cramped; the Haven workers want a fine, big, airy laundry, and for the sake of the skilful hands whose sweltering owners turn out such first-class work, I only hope a generous public will see they have it. If you once saw that baby trousseau you'd never refuse.

*

Two very quaint little boys of my cherished acquaintance were talking earnestly together while I listened. I always listen to children's talk, if only because so few people do. I don't mean that I bait them with questions or chaff or say anything at all to them, only just let them talk to me or to each other. You'd be surprised what wise notions they give me. Said one of these urchins, looking up from his sand castle into the blue afternoon ether: "I've made a grave. Say, when you die are you going in a grave?" "No, I isn't!" "Well, are you going to hebben?" "No, I isn't!" "Oh," very impressively. "Are you going to hell?" "No, I isn't!" "Well, where then?" "Oh, some odder place!" The little questioner turned to his grave digging and I began to think over that conversation. "Some other place"—not quite good enough for heaven, not quite bad enough for hell—and I wondered if the child in his vague unconcern had not voiced the practice, if not the belief, of a good many. Don't anybody cry out that Lady Gay is unorthodox, but seriously, if it has to be either the good or the bad place, which is going to open to the happy creatures who prepare for "some other place?"

*

I never met but one person who said they did not want to go to heaven. She was very small, and she said it very determinately: "I don't want to go to heaven all alone, and no mamma; besides, I has too good a time here!" I met that grilie, now grown older and wiser, one day lately and I reminded her of her assertion. "Well," she said doubtfully, "this is a pretty nice world yet, Lady Gay," and I was glad to hear it. It is a nice world, full of nice people, and the soul who is out of tune with this earth and the people that are in it will need a powerful amount of sweetening and tuning before he'll enjoy heaven. I like the people who cling to life and friends and good times here! They are the salt of the earth, and though too much salt makes pickle, still pickle keeps things sweet and wholesome! Let us enjoy everything, keep hearts warm and tones tuneful, just as, be we never so spiritual-minded, we all expect to do in heaven!

LADY GAY.

The Czar's crown is said to be worth four times as much as Queen Victoria's and to cost him four times as much uneasiness.

Individualities.

Among enthusiastic tricycle riders is to be counted Miss Mabel Besant, the sister of the novelist. She thinks nothing of taking a spin of thirty or forty miles.

Miss Regina Mane of Lisbon, said to be a lineal descendant of Columbus, proposes to prepare a genealogical tree of the family for the Columbian Exposition.

Miss Minnie McFadden of Little Cooley, N. Y., has been awarded the contract to carry the mails between that place and Centerville, and will personally conduct the business.

St. John's Wood, London, is the spot Sara Bernhardt has selected as her summer home, and she lives in a small villa within a stone's throw of the Priory, George Eliot's home for thirty years.

The only native lady in Cairo who dares to go about unveiled is the Princess of Egypt. She even goes so far as to give dinner parties and other entertainments to which male foreigners are invited.

Mrs. Gladstone still sits on the platform every time her grand old man makes a speech, and she doesn't have to assist him in restoring order, either. Her task is rather more agreeable than the one which fell to Mrs. Stanley.

Captain Charles King, author of many military novels, R. H. Savage, who wrote My Official Wife, and Prof. Arthur S. Hardy, writer of But Yet a Woman and other books, were all cadets together at West Point in 1865.

Prince Frederick of Hesse, who is betrothed to Princess Margaret, will come to England about the end of next month, in order that he may be introduced to the Queen, and he is to be Her Majesty's guest at Balmoral for a few days.

The peeresses of Great Britain, such either by birth, marriage or creation, are exempt from arrest or imprisonment on civil process, and in the event of a peeress being charged with crime, she would be tried by the House of Lords.

M. Vedal, the blind sculptor, whose death has been recently announced, was originally an animal painter. His real name was Louis Navatel. He was overtaken by blindness when he was twenty-one, and sought consolation in sculpture.

Mrs. Osborne, a widow, has cleared five thousand to six thousand dollars a year from her ranch near Salt Lake City. She raises vegetables. Lately she added a chicken ranch and two incubators, and expects to clear ten thousand a year.

Every fine morning during the Queen's present residence at Osborne, her Majesty has gone out for a long leisurely airing in her donkey chaise, accompanied by the children of Princess Beatrice, who ride in a little basket carriage drawn by a cream-colored pony.

T. Jefferson Coolidge, the new minister to France, has given forty thousand dollars for a public library at Manchester-by-the-Sea, his country home, and one hundred and fifteen thousand dollars for the Jefferson Physical Laboratory at Harvard University.

The remarkable young girl, Olive Schreiner who wrote that morbid tale, The Story of an African Farm, resolutely refuses to pose as a lioness. She is said to look for all the world like a bread-and-butter country miss. She is at present on her own place in Africa, writing another story.

The Lady Godiva celebration was revived at Coventry after a lapse of five years. It is supposed to be held on the anniversary of Lady Godiva's ride, for details of which, see Tennyson. It was not much of a disappointment to visitors who went to Coventry with expectations not above the grade of a circus parade, which, indeed, it resembled greatly.

The Australian Premier, Sir George Richard Dibbs, who is making a tour through this country, is the first native born Australian Minister to visit London. While he was there the Queen knighted him. He is about fifty-eight years of age, and stands six feet four inches tall, and, in spite of his wealth, finds his chief pleasure when at home in the use of a turning-lathe in the spacious workshop he has had built at his summer home near Sidney.

The Indian's Hand.

THE men had driven away. Their carts and horses disappeared behind the roll of the low hills. They appeared now and then like boats on the crest of a wave, further each time. And their laughter and singing and shouts grew fainter as the bushes hid them from sight.

The women and children remained, with two old men to protect them. They might have gone too, the hunters said. "What harm could come in the broad daylight!—the bears and panthers were far away. They'd be back by night, with only two carts to fill."

Then Jim, the crack shot of the settlement, said, "We'll drive home the bears in the carts."

The children shouted and danced as they thought of the sport to come, of the hunters' return with their game, of the bonfires they always built.

One pale woman clung to her husband's arm. "Hid the Indians!" she said.

That made the men all laugh. "Indians!" they cried. "Why, there've been none here for twenty years! We drove them away, down there,"—pointing across the plain,—"to a hotter place than this, where the sand burns their feet and they ride for days for water."

The pale woman murmured, "Ah, but they returned."

"Yes," cried her big husband, whose brown beard covered his chest, "and burned two cabins. Small harm they did, the curs!"

"Hush," said the pale woman, pressing her husband's arm; and the men around were quiet, pretending to fix their saddles as they glanced at another woman, dressed in black, who turned and went into her house.

"I forgot her boy," said the bearded man, as he gravely picked up his gun.

They started off in the cool morning, towards the mountains where the trees grew. And the long shadows lessened as the sun crept up the sky.

The woman in black stood silent by her door. No one bade her good-bye. The other women went back to their hou-es to work. The children played in the dust; clouds rose as they shouted and ran. A day's freedom lay before them.

But the woman in black still stood by her door, like a spectre in the sunshine, her thin hands clasped together as she gazed away over the plain towards Mexico.

Her face was parched and drawn, as if the sun from the sand had burnt into the bone. Her eyes alone seemed to live; they were hard and bright.

Her house was a little away from the rest, on the crest of a hill facing the desert plain.

She had heard the words of the bearded man: "Small harm the Indians did." Had he forgotten her boy? How could he forget, while she was there to remind them of the deed? Near her house was a small rock roughly marked. The rude letters "Will, gone, '69," she had cut on it with her own hands. It marked the last place where her boy had played. She remembered how she went away softly—so he should not cry to follow her—without a word, without a kiss.

Here her hands beat the side of the house.

"Oh, to have that kiss now and die!" But she had gone, unthinking, up the road where the pale woman lived, then a rosy-cheeked happy bride, not a widow like herself. They laughed and discussed the new-comers at the settlement. It was a holiday, for the men were away over the hills, cutting down trees to build their houses with.

As they talked there idly, they heard what they thought was the shrill bark of dogs running up the hill. Startled, they went to the window. Round the curve on the road came horses wildly galloping, and upon their backs—— Here the pale woman shrieked and fled. They were Indians, beating their horses with their bare legs, their black hair streaming in the wind.

Like a flash, she had bolted the door and barred the shutters as they galloped up. She turned then. Through the open back door she saw the women run screaming up the hill, their children in their arms.

"Their children! Where was hers? She stopped as if turned to stone, then undid the door.

They dragged her out by the wrists, by the hair. She fought with them stronger than ten men. But there were twenty; she was alone. The little street was empty. They strangled her, beat down her face, dragged her upon a horse, and, with her crossways on the saddle, galloped up and down, as they fired the cabins and the sheds. Her hands were shackled and her eyes blind with blood, but she thought only of her child. "Where could he be?"

There were gun-shots. Down the hills like mad came the white men for their wives and children.

Then the Indians turned back toward the plain. They rode past her house.

There, where she had left him, stood the child, dazed with surprise. She held out her arms tied together and called to him to come.

"Fool! Fool!" Here the woman in black struck her temples with her hands. "Fool!" Why had she not galloped by and never noticed him?

But she begged, caught at the horse's head, struggled to get to him; and the Indian stopped for a moment in his flight and caught up the child and went on.

Then the thought came to her of the end of that ride—what was to come—after. And she tried to drop the boy, to let him slide gently to the ground; but the Indian held them fast.

Behind, nearer, came the following men, louder the guns. The horse she was on snorted, staggered under the weight of the three, and as they reached the plain the child was torn from her, she was pushed away. But she rose and staggered after them amid the blinding dust. They must take her too. Sobbing, she called to them as she stumbled on. Many times she fell. Then she could go no more.

That was all. Her story ended there, with the thundering of horses' hoofs and the taste of dust in her mouth. They found her there unconscious. Her friends tended her. When she came back to life she asked no questions, but left her neighbor's house and came to her door, where she was standing now, and gazed away over the sand where he had gone, down towards Mexico.

The years went by, and she was still alone in the house where two should have been. And now far off she saw the dust blowing in a long, rolling pinkish line. But the dust blew so often, and nothing came of it—not even the Indians.

The boy she knew was dead, but they—his murderers—remained, somewhere.

If she could have one now in her power!

The woman in black pondered, as she had so many times, how she should torture him. No pain could be too horrible. She looked at the fire in the stove, and piled on the logs—the logs that were brought with such trouble from the mountains where the trees grew. She could not make it hot enough. She dropped on her knees and watched the iron grow red. And the letters of the maker's name stamped on it grew distinct, and the word "Congress," half defaced, and the figures "64." Ah, those letters! she could have kissed the spot, for her child had touched it. Charmed by the glow, when left alone, he laid his baby hand flat on it, and burned deep into the palm were those letters, "S S, 64."

She would know him among a million by that mark.

But he was dead. The Indians remained.

The woman in black stood up. Why should she not go to them? There were pools in the plain where she could drink. That would be enough.

The men were away; the women were at work. Who could stop her?

She put on her bonnet and started off down the hill through the green bushes. The air was still crisp, though the sun was hot.

The desert must have an end. She would keep on to Mexico. She walked quickly, and her dress grew gray with dust, and the air scorching, as she reached the plain. But she kept on, and only looked back once at the house on the hill and at the window where the pale woman sat.

The dust choked her and she stumbled, and the sole of one shoe came half off and slapped and banged and delayed her as she walked. She tore it off and went on, but the sand cut and burned her so that she sat down and wept and wanted to go back for her other pair, the ones she wore on Sundays. The hill, though, looked so distant that she wearily got up and went on, on, till she could go no more, and crept under the shadow of a rock. There was no water near. Her throat was parched and her temples beat wildly. She must go back and start again, strengthened, fortified. She would start to-morrow, or at night when the cool would let her get too far to return.

By slow degrees she dragged herself up the hill. The pale woman came out of her house and nodded, but the woman in black did not smile in return. She closed her door and went up to her bed and fell on it, and slept amid the buzzing of the flies and the fitful flapping of the window-shade in the breeze.

The pale woman sighed and glanced across the plain. The roll of blowing dust was larger and more regular and nearer. The woman shuddered as she watched it creep slowly along behind the sand mounds. "It always blows," she said to herself, "but not like that, so steadily, so even." She strained her eyes, but there was only dust to be seen. Then she thought of a telescope that belonged to the minister's wife, who came from a seaport town, and ran to fetch it. The two women came out with it together, the minister's wife laughing at her friend, she was such a timid thing!

But the pale woman was paler than ever and trembled so she could not steady it. The laughing one looked through it and laughed no more.

"I see a head over the mound there," she said.

The pale woman shrieked.

"They are miles away. We may have time."

"For what?"

"To get away."

"They may be friends——"

"They are Indians! White men would not live through that sand. We must go to the woods. Help me. Warn the women. Gather the children. Come."

She rushed into her house. The other still stood and looked.

The dust-cloud was a little nearer. In a moment all was wild confusion; names were called, but not loudly; girls sobbed; some carried their little treasures; mothers held their children. All gathered together, hidden from the plain by a house.

The pale woman led out her father, then ran to her neighbor's door. She opened it and called clearly, but softly: "Mary, Mary." There was no answer. The woman in black, on her bed, slept on. Her neighbor hesitated, then hurried after the others, as they ran up the low hills towards the mountains, where their men had gone.

The dust-cloud grew nearer. Now and then a head could be seen. But all was as still as the grave. The woman in black slept heavily, and dreamed that revenge had come at last—that in her hand she held an Indian's head.

The window-shade flapped loudly, and she awoke with an apprehension crushing her. She went to the window and looked out. There was no blowing dust upon the plains, and the street was empty. The doors of the houses stood open; a shawl lay in the middle of the road. The woman leaned out and looked towards the woods.

She saw on the crest of a hill the white skirts of the flying women, and then, below, down the road, her ears sharpened, her heart tightening, she heard the soft, regular thumping of horses' feet.

Then she knew.

She sat on the edge of the bed. This was what she had waited for! Was it her turn now!—or theirs again?

She could kill one.

Where was her gun?

She had loaned it to the men.

But her axe—that was below.

As she started for it there was a burst of war cries.

She ran down the narrow stairs, and took the axe from its place on the wall.

They were passing her door. The room grew lighter. She turned. One stood in the open door-way, black against the sunshine. She set her teeth hard, hid the axe behind her skirts, watched him motionless.

He stretched out his hand claw-like, and laughed, his eyes gleaming, as cat-like he moved nearer. A terror seized her; with a hoarse cry, she sprang up the stairs, flinging down a chair as he followed her panting.

Quickly she climbed up the ladder to the loft, threw down the trap door, fell on it, bolted it, waited. All was still. Outside she heard the distant yells. She stooped noiselessly and put her ear upon the floor. There was soft breathing underneath and through a crack in the floor she saw an eye peering up at her.

She stood a long time motionless, axe in hand, ready.

Her back was to the bolt, but suddenly she felt that there was something there. She turned softly. A slim brown hand was almost through a crevice in the floor.

She raised her axe. The slender fingers touched the bolt and gently drew it back.

Then with the force of all her hatred fell the axe upon the wrist. The hand sprang up at her. With a howl of agony the creature fell bumping beneath.

Then all again was still.

Her face was wet and warm with the spattered blood.

Outside she heard the crackling of a burning house, then gun-shots far away, and distant shouts. On tiptoe she went to the garret window, and peeped round its edge. Over the hills, quite near, she saw the men returning. One house was blazing—the minister's. The Indians were retreating. Near her door, grazing, stood a riderless horse. She knew its owner. As they rode past they caught at it, but were stopped by a shout from her door. An Indian rushed out, handsome, young, holding aloft a bare right arm without a hand. In his language he shrieked to them for revenge, pointing up with his red wrist to the attic where she stood.

The eyes of the woman shot fire. She leaned far out and shook her fist from the garret window.

"One Indian at least!"

She hurled the axe at them. It fell far short. They fired as they passed, but none hit her. Nearer came the men.

The wounded man leaped to his horse, and with a curse rode on. The woman laughed as he passed beneath, then sat down in the dusky loft with a red pool at her feet.

Shortly the men returned. Some went by down the hill, after the Indians. Others put out the fire. All was confusion, bustle, shouts.

Then the women and the children came and added to the din, and the men who had followed returned. But the woman in black sat alone in the loft, till she heard the crowd at her door below and the voice of the pale woman say:

"Where is Mary?"

She rose and lifted the trap door—it was unbolted—and went down.

The pale woman came to her, but she pushed her aside, and wiped her face with her sleeve.

"Are they killed any of them?" she said. Her friend answered, "No, Mary, not one." "No harm this time," said the bearded man. "Except my house, it is burned," said the minister's wife. "We'll soon have another."

"I don't mean you!" cried the woman in black. "I mean them—the red devils. Have you got any—killed any? You,"—this to Jim, who never missed a shot—"you,"—this to the bearded man—"have you killed any?"

And the men answered, "No."

And one man said, "Their horses were faster than ours."

"Not one!" The woman in black drew herself up proudly. "Yes, one; better than killed. Wait." The women shrunk from her as she darted up the stair. They looked at each other wonderingly. The woman returned with something in her grasp. She flung it on the table. "It is an Indian's hand. His arm will shrivel to the bone. They will leave him some day to die in the sand." The women shuddered and drew back; the men crowded round, but they did not touch the hand.

"Are you afraid?" said the woman in black. "Afraid of that thing!"

She bent back the fingers and looked in it with a smile of contempt. Her face took an ashen hue; the hand struck the table edge and fell upon the floor. She seemed to be trying to think for a second, then she gave one awful cry and leaned her face against the wall, with her hands hanging at her side.

The pale woman tried to go to her, but her husband drew her back, and, with a silent crowd around, slowly picked up the hand.

For a second he hesitated, then did as she had done, but gently. He bent back the fingers of the severed hand and read its history written there, "S S, 64," in white letters on the palm.

He remembered then how, twenty years ago, when she brought the child to him, he had tied its little hand in cooling salve.

It was larger now.

The whisper went around, "It is her boy's hand," and they crept towards the door.

The pale woman took a flower from her dress, one she had put there hours before, and placed it in the brown fingers on the table and went out.

The woman did not stir from the wall. "Leave the hand," she said.

"It is there," and the bearded man closed the door gently behind him.

The woman in black turned. Her hard eyes were dim now. She took the hand from the table and undid her dress and placed it in her breast, and went to the window and watched, far off, a cloud of dust made golden by the sun, as it rolled away across the plain, down towards Mexico.—*Lorimer Stoddard in Lippincott's.*

Why Not?

In the Days of the Mutiny:

A Military Novel.

BY G. A. HENTY,

Author of "The Curse of Carne's Hold," "A Hidden Foe," &c.

ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.

CHAPTER XXII.

Bathurst knew the doctor well, and perceived that, glad as he was to have met them, he was yet profoundly depressed in spirits. This, added to the fact that he had left Cawnpore that morning, instead of waiting as he had intended, convinced Bathurst that what he dreaded had taken place. He waited until Isobel stopped for a moment, that Rabda might re-arrange the cloth folded round her in its proper draping. Then he said quickly, "I heard yesterday what was intended, doctor. Is it possible that it has been done?"

"It was done this morning."

"What, all! Surely not all, doctor!"

"Every soul—every woman and child. Think of it—the fiends! the devils! The native brought me the news. If I had heard it in the streets of Cawnpore I should have gone mad and seized a sword and run amuck. As it was, I was well nigh out of my mind. I could not stay there. The man would have sheltered me until the troops came up, but I was obliged to be moving, so I started down. Hush! here comes Isobel; we must keep it from her.

"Now, Isobel," he went on, as the girl joined them and they all started along the road, "tell me how it is I find you here."

"Mr. Bathurst must tell you, doctor; I cannot talk about it yet—I can hardly think about it."

"Well, Bathurst, let us hear it from you."

"It is a painful story for me to have to tell."

Isobel looked up in surprise.

"Painful, Mr. Bathurst! I should have thought—" and she stopped.

"Not all painful, Miss Hannay; but in parts. I would rather tell you, doctor, when we have finished our journey this evening, if your curiosity will allow you to wait so long."

"I will try to wait," the doctor replied, "though I own it is a trial. Now, Isobel, you have not told me yet what has happened to your face. Let me look at it closer, child. I saw your arms are bad, too. What on earth has happened to you, child?"

"I burnt myself with acid, doctor. Mr. Bathurst will tell you all about it."

"Bless me, mystery seems to thicken. Well, you have got yourself into a pretty pickle. Why, child, burns of that kind have scars on them. If you had been burnt by fire. You ought to be in a dark room with your face and hands bandaged, instead of tramping along here in the dust."

"I have some lotions and some ointment, doctor. I have used them regularly since it was done, and the places don't hurt me now."

"No, they look healthy enough," he said, examining them closely. "Granulation is going on nicely; but I warn you you will be a figured for months, and it may be years before you get rid of the scars. I doubt, indeed, if you will ever get rid of them altogether. Well, I'm what shall we talk about?"

"I will take pity on you, doctor. I will walk on ahead with Rabda and her father, and Mr. Bathurst can then tell you his story."

"That will be the best plan, my dear. Now then, Bathurst, fire way," he said, when the others had gone on thirty or forty paces in front.

"Well, doctor, you remember that you were forward talking to the young Zemindar, and I was sitting aft by the side of Miss Hannay after they opened fire!"

"I should think I do remember it," the doctor said, "and I am not likely to forget it if I live to be a hundred. Well, what about that?"

"I jumped overboard," Bathurst said, laying his hand impressively upon the doctor's shoulder, "I gave a cry, I know I did, and I jumped overboard."

The doctor locked at him in astonishment.

"Well, so did I, like a shot. But what do you say it in that tone for? Of course you jumped overboard. If you hadn't you would not be here now."

"You don't understand me, doctor," Bathurst said gloomily. "I was sitting there next to Isobel Hannay—the woman I love—we were talking in low tones, and I don't know why, but at that moment the mad thought was coming into my mind that, after all, she cared for me. That in spite of the disgrace I had brought upon myself, in spite of my being a coward, she might still be mine; and as I was thinking this, there came the crash of a cannon. Can it be imagined possible that I jumped up like a frightened hare, and without a thought of her, without a thought of anything, in my mad terror jumped overboard and left her behind to her fate? If it had not been that as soon as I recovered my senses I was hit on the head just as I landed, and knew nothing of what happened until I found myself in the bushes with young Wilson by my side, the thought occurred to me that I would rescue her or die in the attempt, I would have blown out my brains."

"But bless my heart, Bathurst," the doctor said earnestly, "what else could you have done? Why, I jumped overboard without stopping to think, and so did everyone else who had power to do so, no doubt. What good could you have done if you had stayed? What good would it have done to the girl if you had been killed? Why, if you had been killed, she would now be lying mangled and dead with the others in that ghastly prison. You take a morbid view of it altogether."

"There was no reason why you should not have jumped overboard, doctor, nor the others. Don't you see I was with the man I loved? I might have seized her in my arms and jumped overboard with her and swam ashore with her, or I might have stayed and died with her. I thought of my own wretched life, and I deserted her."

"My dear Bathurst, you did not think of your life. I don't think any of us stopped to think of anything; but, constituted as you are, the impulse must have been overpowering. It is nonsense your talking this matter over. Why, man, if you had stopped you would have been murdered when the boat touched the shore, and do you think it would have made her happier to have seen you killed before her eyes? If you had swam ashore with her the chances are she would have been killed by that volley of grape, for I saw eight or ten bodies lying on the sands, and you yourself were, you say, hit. You acted upon impulse I grant, but it was upon a wise impulse. It was the best, the best thing that could have been done, and your doing so made it possible that Isobel Hannay should be rescued from what would otherwise have been certain death."

"It has turned out so, doctor," Bathurst said gloomily; "and I thank God that she is safe. But that does not alter the fact that I, an English gentleman by birth, thought only of myself, and left the woman I loved, who was dear to me by my side, to perish. But do not let us talk any more about it. It is done and over. There is an end of it now. I will tell you the story."

The doctor listened silently until he heard of Isobel's being taken to Bithoor. "The atrocious villain!" he exclaimed. "I have been lamenting the last month that I never poisoned the fellow, and now—, but go on, go on. How on earth did you get her away?"

Bathurst told the whole story, interrupted by many exclamations of approval by the doctor; especially when he learnt why Isobel disfigured herself.

"Well done!" he exclaimed, "I always knew that she was a plucky girl, and it needed courage I can tell you to burn herself as she has done, to say nothing of risking spoiling her beauty for life. No slight sacrifice for a woman."

Bathurst passed lightly over his fight in the court-yard, but the doctor questioned him as to the exact facts.

"Not so bad for a coward, Bathurst," he said drily.

"There was no noise," Bathurst said. "If they had had pistols, and had used them, it might have been different. Hearing knows, but I don't think that then, with her life at stake, I should have flinched; I had made up my mind they would have to pole me, but I hope I think that my nerves would not have given way then."

"I am sure they wouldn't, Bathurst—well, go on with your story."

"Well, how did you feel then?" he asked, when Bathurst described how they had run down in through the gate firing, "for it is the noise, and not the danger that upsets you."

"I did not even think of it," Bathurst said in some surprise. "I was so engrossed in it, I am astonished that I was not for a minute paralyzed, as I always am, but I did not feel anything of the sort. They rushed in firing as I told you, and directly they had gone I took her hand and we ran out together."

"I think it is quite possible, Bathurst, that your nervousness may have gone for ever. Now that once you have heard guns fired close to you without your nerves giving way as usual, it is quite possible that you might do so again. I don't say that you would, but it is possible, indeed it seems to me to be probable. It may be that the sudden shock when you jumped into the water, acting upon your nerves when in a state of extreme tension, may have set them right, and that bullet graze along the top of the skull may have added the effect of the shock. Men frequently lose their nerve after a heavy fall from a horse, or a sudden attack by a tiger, or any other unexpected shock. It may be that with you it has had the reverse consequence.

"I hope to God that it may be so, doctor. It is certainly extraordinary that I should not have felt it when there was musketry fired within a few feet of my head. If we get down to Allahabad I will try. I will place myself near a gun when it is going to be fired, and if I stand it I will come up again and join this column as a volunteer and take part in the work of vengeance. If I can but once bear my part as a man they are welcome to kill me in the next engagement."

"Pooh! pooh! man. You are not born to be killed in battle. After making yourself a target on the roof at Deunnughur, and jumping down in the middle of the Sepoys in the breach, and getting through that attack in the boats, I don't think you are fated to meet your end with a bullet. Well, now let us walk on and join the others. Isobel must be wondering how much longer we are going to talk together. She cannot exchange a word with the natives. It must be dull work for her. She is a great deal thinner than she was before these troubles came on. You see how differently she walks. She has quite lost that elastic step of hers, but I dare say that is a good deal due to her walking with bare feet instead of her high-heeled boots have a good deal to do with a walk. Look at the difference between the walk of a gentleman who has always worn well-fitting boots and that of a countryman who has been about in thick iron-shod boots all his life. Breeding goes for something no doubt, and even a man's walk just as it alters a horse's gait."

Bathurst could not help laughing at the doctor dropping into his usual style of discussing things.

"Are your feet feeling tender, Isobel?" the latter asked cheerfully, as he overtook those in front.

"No, doctor," she said, with a smile. "I don't know that I was ever thankful for dust before, but it has made it so much easier to me like walking on a carpet, but, of course, it feels very strange."

"You have only to fancy, my dear, that you are by the sea-side, walking down from your bathing machine across the sands; once get that in your mind and you will get perfectly comfortable."

"It requires too great a stretch of the imagination, doctor, to think for a moment, in this swelter, that I am enjoying a sea breeze on our English coast. It is silly, of course, to give it even a thought, when one is accustomed to see almost every morning the out shoes. I think I should mind it more than I do if my feet were not stained. I don't know why, but I should. But please don't talk about it. I try to forget it and to fancy that I am really a native.

They met but few people on the road. Those they did meet made them stop for the usual salutation. There was nothing strange in a party of peasants passing along the road. They might have been at work at Cawnpore, and be now returning to their native village to get away from the trouble there. After it became dark, they went into a clump of trees half a mile distance from a village they could see along the road.

"I will go in," Rajub said, "and bring some grain, and hear what the news is.

He returned in an hour. "The English have taken Dong," he said, "the news came in two hours ago. There has been some hard fighting, the Sepoys resisted stoutly at the village, even advancing beyond the enclosures to meet the British. They were driven back by the artillery and rifle fire, but held the village for some time before they were turned out. There was a stand made at the Pandoo Bridge, but it was a short one. The force massed there fell back at once when the British Infantry came near enough to rush forward at a charge, and in their hurry, they failed to blow up the bridge."

A consultation was held as to whether they should try to join the British, but it was decided that as the road down to Allahabad would be rendered safe by their advance, it would be better to keep straight on.

The next day they proceeded on their journey, walking in the early morning, halting as soon as the sun had gained mastery over, and going on again in the cool of the evening, and three days later reached the Port of Allahabad. It was crowded by the refugees who had come in from the country round. Most of the men were doing duty with the garrison, but some they had come up with Havelock's column as Volunteer Cavalry, his force being entirely deficient in that arm.

As soon as Bathurst explained who they were they were received with the greatest kindness, and Isobel was at once carried off by the ladies, while the doctor and Bathurst were surrounded by an eager group anxious to hear the state of affairs at Cawnpore, and how they had escaped. The news of the fighting at Dong was the chief topic of the evening, and of the day of the fight, Havelock had sent down a mounted messenger to say the reinforcements would be sent up. As all was quiet now at Allahabad, where there had at first been some fierce fighting, General Neil, who was in command there, had placed two hundred and thirty men of the 84th Regiment in bullock vans and had himself gone on with them.

The doctor had kept the news of the massacre to himself.

"They will know it before many hours are over, Bathurst," he said, "and were I to tell them half of them wouldn't believe me and the other half would pester my life out with questions. There is never any occasion to hurry in telling bad news."

The first enquiry of Bathurst and his friends had been for Wilson, and they found to their great pleasure that he had arrived in safety, and had gone up with the little body of cavalry. Captain Forster, whom they next asked for, had not reached Allahabad, and no news had been heard of him.

"What are you going to do, Rajub?" Bathurst asked the native next morning.

"I shall go to Patna," he said. "I have friends there, and shall remain in the city until these troubles are over. I believe now that you were right, sahib, almost I did not think so when you spoke and that the British Raj will be restored. I thought, as did the Sepoys, that they were a match for the British Army. I see now that I was wrong. There is a tremendous task before them. There is all Oude and the North-West to conquer, and fully two hundred thousand men in arms against them, but I believe that they will do it. They are a great people, and now I do not wish it otherwise. This afternoon I shall start."

The doctor, who had made many acquaintances in Allahabad, had no difficulty in obtaining money from the garrison treasury, and Bathurst and Isobel purchased the two handsomest bracelets they could obtain from the ladies in the Fort as a souvenir for Rabda, and gave them to her with the heartiest expressions of their deep gratitude to her and her father.

"I shall think of you always, Rabda," Isobel said, "and shall be grateful to the end of my life for the kindness that you have done us. Your father has given us your address at Patna and I shall write to you often."

"I shall never forget you, lady; and even the black water will not quite separate us. As I knew how you were in prison, so I shall know how you are in your home in England. What we have done is little. Did not the sahib risk his life for me? My father and I will never forget what we owe him. I am glad to know that you will make him happy."

This was said in the room that had been allotted to Isobel, an ayah and one of the ladies in the Fort acting as interpreter. She had woke up in the morning flushed and feverish, and the doctor, when sent for, told her she must keep absolutely quiet.

"I am afraid I am going to have her on my hands for a bit," he said to Bathurst. "She has borne the strain well, but she looks to me as if she was going to have a smart attack of fever. It was well that we got her here before she was ill, and that you were her escort; it is just the re-action. If it had been going to be brain fever or anything of that sort I should be strongly inclined to break down directly I got her out. No, I don't anticipate anything serious, and I am sure I hope that it won't be. I have put my name down to go up with the next batch of volunteers. Doctors will be wanted at the front, and I hope to have a chance of wiping out my score with some of those scoundrels. However, I don't think she is going to be laid up, I don't fancy it will last many days."

That afternoon a messenger from Havelock brought down the terrible news that they had fought their way to Cawnpore, only to find that the whole of the ladies and children, at Sheda Ka Kothee had been massacred and their bodies thrown down a well. The grief and indignation caused by the news was terrible; scarce one but had friends among the prisoners. Women wept; men walked up and down, wild with fury at being unable to do aught but threaten vengeance on the assassins.

"What are you going to do, Bathurst?" the doctor asked, that evening. "I suppose you have some idea of a plan?"

"I do not know yet. In the first place I want to try whether what you said the other day is correct, and if I can stand the noise of firing without flinching."

"We can not try here in the fort," the doctor said, full of interest in the experiment. "A battery would throw us into a state approached into confusion, and at present no one can go far from the fort; however, there may be a row before long, and then you will have the opportunity of trying. If there is not, we will go out together half a-mile or so, as soon as some more troops get up. You said when we were talking about it at Deunnughur, you should resign your appointment and go home, but if you find your nerves are all right you may change your mind about that. How about the young lady in there?"

"Well, doctor, I should say that you, as her father's friend, are the person to decide on arrangements for her. Just at present travel is not very safe, but I suppose that directly things quiet down a little, many of the ladies will be going down to the coast, and no doubt some friend would take charge of Miss Hannay back to England."

"And you mean to have nothing to say in the matter?"

"Nothing at all," he said firmly. "I have already told you my views on the subject."

"Well then," the doctor said hotly, "I regard you as an ass." And without another word he walked off in great anger.

For the next four or five days, Isobel was in a high state of fever; it passed off as the doctor had predicted it would do, but left her weak and languid. Another week and she was about again.

"What is Mr. Bathurst going to do?" she asked the doctor, the first day she was up on a couch.

"I don't know what he is going to do, my dear," he said irritably, "my opinion of Bathurst is that he is a fool."

"Oh, doctor, how can you say so," she exclaimed in astonishment, "why, what has he done?"

"It isn't what he has done, but what he won't do, my dear. Here is he in love with a young woman who has behaved very unkindly, and refuses to say yes whenever he asks her, and he won't ask and is not going to ask, because of a ridiculous crotchet he has got in his head."

Isobel flushed and then grew pale.

"What is the crotchet?" she asked in a low tone, after being silent for some time.

"What do you think, my dear? he is more disgusted with himself than ever."

"Not about that nervousness, surely," Isobel said, "after all he has done and the way he has risked his life! Surely that cannot be troubling him!"

"It is, my dear; not so much on the general as on a particular ground. He insists that by jumping out of the boat when that fire began, he has done for himself altogether."

"But what could he have done, doctor?"

"That's what I ask him, my dear. He insists that he ought to either have seized you and jumped overboard with you, in which case you would both probably have been killed, as I pointed out to him, or else stayed quietly with you by your side, in which case, as I also pointed out to him, you would have had the satisfaction of seeing him murdered. He could not deny that this would have been so, but said that in no way alters his opinion of his conduct. I also ventured to point out to him that if he had been killed you would at this moment be either in the power of Nana Sahib or of that ghastly well at Cawnpore. I also observed to him that I, who do not regard myself as a hero, and who had jumped overboard from your boat, and that Wilson, who is certainly a plucky young fellow, and a number of others jumped over from the other boat; but I might as well have talked to a post."

Isobel sat for some time silent, her fingers playing nervously with each other.

"Of course it seems foolish of him to think of it so strongly, but I don't think it is unnatural he should feel as he does."

"May I ask why?" the doctor said, sarcastically.

"I mean, doctor, it would be foolish of other people but I don't think it is foolish of him. Of course he could have done no good staying in the boat, he would have simply thrown away his life, and yet I think, I feel sure, that there are many men who would have thrown away their lives in such a case. Even at that moment of terror I felt a pang, when, without a word, he sprang overboard. I thought of it many times that long night, in spite of my grief for my uncle and the others, and my horror of being a prisoner in the hands of the Sepoys. I did not blame him, because I knew how he must have felt, and that it was done in the panic of a moment. I was not so sorry for myself as for him, for I knew that if he escaped, the thought of that moment would be terrible for him. I need not say that in my heart the feeling that he should not have left me so has been wiped out a thousand times by what he did afterwards, by the risk he ran for me and the infinite service he rendered me by saving me from a fate worse than death. But I can enter into his feelings. Most men would have jumped over just as he did and would never have blamed themselves even if they had once started away down the country to save their own lives, much less if they had stopped to save mine as he had done.

"But who can wonder that he is more sensitive than others? Did he not hear from you that I said that a coward was contemptible? Did not all the men except you and my uncle turn their backs upon him and treat him with contempt in spite of his effort to meet his death by standing up on the roof? Think how awfully he must have suffered, and then, when it seemed that his intervention, which saved our lives, had to some extent won him back the esteem of the men around him, that he should so fall again, as he considers, and that with no beside him. No wonder that he takes the view he does, and that he refuses to consider that even the devotion and courage he afterwards showed can redeem what he considers is a disgrace. You always said that he was brave, doctor, and I believe now there is no braver man living; but that makes it so much the worse for him. A coward would be more than satisfied with himself for what he did afterwards, and would regard it as having completely wiped out my failing, while he magnifies the failing such as it was, and places but small weight on what he afterwards did. I like him all the better for it. I know the fault, if fault it was, and I thought it so at the time, was one for which he was not responsible, and yet I like him all the better that he feels it so deeply.

"Well, my dear, you had better tell him so," the doctor said, drily. "I really agree with what you say, and you make an excellent advocate. I cannot do better than leave the matter in your hands. You know, child," he said, changing his tone, "I have from the time we rescued Mr. Bathurst and you to come together, and if you don't do so I shall say you are the most wrong-headed young people I ever met. He loves you, and I don't think there is any question about your feelings, and you ought to make matters right somehow. Unfortunately, he is a stubbornly pig-headed man when he gets an idea in his mind. However, I hope that it will come all right. By the way, he asked were you well enough to see him to-day?"

"I would rather not see him till to-morrow," the girl said.

"And I think too that you had better not see him until to-morrow, Isobel. Your cheeks are flushed now, and your hands are trembling, and I do not want you laid up again, so I order you to keep yourself perfectly quiet for the rest of the day."

But it was not till two days later that Bathurst came to see her.

The spies brought in, late that evening, the news that a small party of the Sepoy cavalry, with two guns, were at a village three miles on the other side of the town, and were in communication with the disaffected. It was decided at once by the officer who had succeeded General Neil in the command of the fort, that a small party of fifty infantry, accompanied by ten or twelve mounted volunteers, should go out and attack the foe. Bathurst sent his name to form one of the party as soon as he learned the news, borrowing the horse of an officer who was laid up ill.

The expedition started two hours before daybreak, and making a long detour fell upon the Sepoys at seven o'clock. The latter, who had taken up no picket, were taken by surprise at their approach, relying on their cannon, made a stand. The infantry, however, moved forward in a skirmishing order. Their fire quickly silenced the guns, and then rushed forward while the little troop of volunteers charged.

The fight lasted but a few minutes, at the end of which time the enemy galloped off in all directions, leaving their guns in the hands of the victors. Four of the assailants had been killed by the explosion of a well aimed shell, and five of the volunteers had been wounded in the hand-to-hand fight with the Sowars. The Sepoys' guns and artillery horses had been captured.

The party at once set out on their return. On their way they had some skirmishing with the rabble of the town, who had heard the firing, but they were beaten off without much difficulty and the victors re-entered the fort in triumph just as the sun was at the gate as they came in. Bathurst sprang from his horse and held out his hand. His radiant face told its own story.

"Thank God, doctor, it has passed. I don't think my pulse went a beat faster when the guns opened on us, and the crack of our own musketry had no more effect. I think it has gone for ever."

"I am glad indeed, Bathurst," the doctor said, heartily grasping his hand. "I hoped that it might be so."

"No words can express how grateful I feel," Bathurst said. "The cloud that shadowed my life seems lifted, and hence I shall be able to look a man in the face."

"You are wounded, I see," the doctor said.

"Yes, I had a pistol ball through my left arm. I fancy the bone is broken, but that is of no consequence."

"A broken arm is no trifle," the doctor said, "especially in a climate like this. Come into the hospital at once and let me see to it."

One of the bones of the forearm was indeed broken, and the doctor, having applied splints and bandages, peremptorily ordered him to lie down. Bathurst protested that he was perfectly able to get up with his arm in a sling.

"I know you are able," the doctor said testily; "and if you were to go about in this oven we should very likely have you in a high fever by to-morrow morning. Keep yourself perfectly quiet for to-day; by to-morrow, if you have no signs of fever and the wound is doing well, we will see about it."

Upon leaving him, Dr. Wade went out and heard the details of the fight.

"You friend, Bathurst, particularly distinguished himself," the officer who commanded the volunteers said. "He was the regular who commanded the Sepoys, and was in the thick of it. I saw him run one Sowar through and shoot another. I am not surprised at his fighting so well after what you have gone through in Deennugghur and in that Cawnpore business."

The doctor then went up to see Isobel. She looked flushed and excited.

"Is it true, doctor, that Mr. Bathurst went out with the volunteers, and that he is wounded?"

"Both items are true, my dear; fortunately the wound is not serious. It has broken the small bone of the left fore-arm, but I don't think it will lay him up for long, in fact, he objects strongly to go to bed."

"But how did he—how is it he went out to fight, doctor? I could hardly believe it when I was told, though, of course, I did not say so."

"My dear, it was an experiment. He told me that he did not feel at all nervous when the Sepoys rushed in, firing at the gate, when he

USE SURPRISE SOAP ON WASH DAY; AND EVERY DAY.

Sporting Goods - AND - Games Supplies

H. P. DAVIES & CO. 81 YONGE STREET TORONTO

NEW Photos on Opal

ARTISTIC Photos in Black and White, mat finish

BEAUTIFUL Steel Engraving Effect

WALKER 147 Yonge Street

WE WILL SEND absolutely FREE for three months one of the best Family Journals published (64 long columns) to every person who can find

THREE FACES

On this figure.

Enclose 9 cents to pay for mailing.

Medical Adviser and Farm Monthly

Mention Saturday Night.

CANCER For 6 cts. in stamps you can learn how to cure it without knife or plaster. Mention Saturday Night and address— STOTT & JURY, Bowmanville, Ont.

The Canada Sugar Refining Co. (Limited) MONTREAL

MANUFACTURERS OF REFINED SUGARS OF THE WELL-KNOWN BRAND

Redpath

OF THE HIGHEST QUALITY AND PURITY

Made by the Latest Processes, and Newest and Best Machinery, not surpassed anywhere.

LUMP SUGAR In 50 and 100 lb. boxes.

"CROWN" Granulated Special Brand, the finest which can be made.

EXTRA GRANULATED Very Superior Quality.

CREAM SUGARS (Not dried)

YELLOW SUGARS Of all Grades and Standards.

SYRUPS Of all Grades in Barrels and half Barrels.

SOLE MAKERS Of high class Syrups in Tins, 2 lbs. and 5 lb. each.

LALLY!!!

LACROSSE STICKS AND Athletic Requisites of All Kinds

Sold at reasonable prices. Special discount to clubs.

FRANK S. TAGGART & CO. 89 King St. West, Toronto

was walking off with you, and it struck me that possibly the sudden shock and the jump into the water when they attacked the boats, and that rap on the head with a musket ball, might have affected his nervous system, and that possibly he was cured, so he was determined on the first occasion to try."

"And did it, doctor?" Isobel asked, eagerly. "I don't care, you know, one bit whether he is nervous when there is a noise or not, but he his sake I should be glad to know that he has got over it; it has made him so unhappy."

"He has got over it, my dear; he went through the fight without feeling the least nervous, and distinguished himself very much in the charge, as the officer who commanded his troop has just told me."

"Oh, I am glad—I am thankful, doctor; no words can say how pleased I am; I know that it would have made his whole life unhappy, and I should have always had the thought that he remembered those hateful words of mine."

"I am as glad as you are, Isobel, though I fancy it will change our plans."

"How change our plans, doctor? I did not know that I had plans."

"I think you had, child, though you might not acknowledge them even to yourself. My plan was that you should somehow convince him that, in spite of what you said, and in spite of his leaving you in that book, you were quite content to take him for better or for worse."

"How could I tell him that?" the girl said, coloring.

"Well, I think you would have had to do so somehow, my dear, but that is not the question now. My plan was that when you had succeeded in doing this you should marry him and go home with him."

"But why, doctor," she asked, coloring, even more hotly than before, "is the plan changed?"

"Because, my dear, I don't think Bathurst will go home with you."

"Why not, doctor?" she asked, in surprise.

"Because, my dear, he will want, in the first place, to rehabilitate himself."

"But no one knows, doctor, about the siege and what happened there, except you and I and Mr. Wilson; all the rest have gone."

"That is true, my dear, but he will want to rehabilitate himself in his own eyes, and besides, that former affair, which first set you against him, might crop up at any time. Other civilians, many of them, have volunteered in the service, and no man of courage would like to go away as long as that affair is in their present state. You will see, Bathurst will stay."

Isobel was silent.

"I think he will be right," she said at last, gravely. "If he wishes to do so, I should not try to dissuade him, it would be very hard to know that he is in danger, but no harder for me than for others."

"That is right, my dear," the doctor said affectionately. "I should not wish my little girl—and now the major has gone I feel that you are my little girl—to think otherwise. I think," he went on, smiling, "that the first part of that plan we spoke of will not be as difficult as I fancied it would be, the sting has gone and he will get rid of his morbid fancies."

"When shall I be able to see him?"

"Well, if I had any authority over him you would not see him for a week, as I have not, I think it likely enough that you will see him to-morrow."

"I would rather wait if it would do him any harm, doctor."

"I don't think it will do him any harm. Beyond the fact that he will have to carry his arm in a sling for the next fortnight, I don't think he will have any trouble with it."

(To be Continued.)

Uncle John—No, I am your uncle on your mother's side.

Dolly (recently punished)—Well, if you knew mamma as well as I do, I guess you'd be on papa's side.

His Obituary.

It has often happened to public individuals to see, through some error, their own obituaries in print. An embarrassing consequence of this blunder is that one feels obliged ever after to live up to the good things said of him when he was supposed to be no more. Mr. Frederic Villiers, the well-known artist, tells an interesting story about an experience of his own.

Twice during my career, he says, have I been given up as "gone over to the majority." The first occasion was when I was reported to have been killed in the advance of Hick's Pasha's army against El Obeid in the Eastern Soudan, at the time when that force met with disaster at the hands of the Mahdi and his followers.

I was walking in London with a cousin when we were greatly astonished by noticing several posters of the evening papers mentioning my death in the Soudan. Presently a friend of my cousin came up and said to him:

"My dear fellow, this is sad news about your poor cousin."

"What's that?" he said.

"Why, his death in the Soudan."

"That's all nonsense," was the reply. "This is Frederic Villiers by my side. Allow me to introduce you."

His friend stared at him with disgust and astonishment.

"It's all very well," said he. "I know you can't resist a joke, but this sort of thing is really too bad. Your poor cousin is lying in the desert, dead, and you are cruelly joking."

"Have no fear," said I. "I am the man, and I am every moment more and more satisfied at the fact."

"Then," said he, believing at last, "I must hurry back to the club. There's a colleague of yours, with his back to the fire, holding forth to the members about the campaigns he has seen with you."

"Hold hard," said I. "Is he saying nice things about me?"

"Yes, of course."

"Then," I continued, "by all means leave my colleague to his pleasant thoughts."

This colleague at the club has never forgiven me for knocking all the sentiment out of his funereal oration by persisting in being alive.

When he and I meet now, we only lift hats.

Lady Cyclists.

Ladies in this country, writes Mrs. Crawford from Paris, are keenly alive to the pleasures of cycling, and even young girls of birth and breeding are taken to riding schools where they can compete in cycle races against lady professionals. In the grounds of many chateaux there are long, board alleys made on purpose for cycle racing, in which brothers and sisters are often rivals. Doctors order cycling as a holiday exercise for the young people. The French neoplasm for the amusement is velocsport. The cyclist is a veloce-man and the lady cyclist a veloce woman. There are velocetailors and, it may be added, veloce-dressmakers and veloce-hatters. It is agreed that the last half of, no matter what composite word relating to trade connection with cycling, should be English. One can even say veloce-factory. In the fresh, early morning, when the weather is good, one finds the broad alleys of the Bois de Boulogne alive with veloce-men and veloce women. Americans prevail among the men, but young French married ladies as well as professionals, are intent on the sport. Most of them do full justice to the veloce-tailors and hatters, and are at ease on their steel horses. A scarfy arrangement of lace, technically known as angels wings, adds wonderfully to the impression of fleet, graceful motion of the veloce-women. Nun's veiling, made up into a blouse, and a short skirt, is just now the favorite material for the outer garments of the lady cyclist.

A Pathetic Burnt-cork Incident.

While the Cleveland minstrels were playing in Norwich, Conn., on Wednesday last, an incident occurred which shows how those who apparently carry the lightest heart in their efforts to amuse often force their gayety through sheer will power.

It will be remembered that during the first part of the entertainment John Queen and Barney Fagan are introduced and take their places on the end. On the night in question Mr. Fagan was standing in the wings made up and ready to go on. The orchestra was beginning the music that was his cue, when a messenger boy handed him a telegram. Mr. Fagan tore open the yellow envelope and read:

"Father is dead. Come home at once.

"MAY."

For an instant Mr. Fagan put his hand to his eyes, then the music having finished, he crumpled the bit of ill-omened paper in his hand, shut his hand, and went on. Strangely enough, the first lines put to him by the interlocutor read as follows:

"Well, Barney, how is your father?"

"He's gone."

"Gone! Do you mean that he is dead?"

"Yes, he's dead."

"Well, he led an upright life."

"Yes, and he died upright. He was hung."

Those in the wings who were aware of the circumstances watched Mr. Fagan closely, but all the change they could detect were the hard lines in his face and set jaw, which showed even through his make-up. All through the scene he carried out his part bravely, but when it was over he came into the wings and broke down, crying like a baby. And there were many who cried with him.

Blygg's Accelerator.

"I cordially commend to all fathers," said Mr. Staybolt, "Blygg's clock accelerator. This useful invention has only been placed on the market, but is sure to find a ready sale as soon as its merits become known.

"The young man who goes courting is apt to stay too late. Many and many a father has tried to remind him by winding the clock in the next room that it was time to go, but as a matter of fact, winding the clock has never amounted to much. It is so palpably a hint that it is generally disregarded.

"Blygg's substitutes for this and all the other old methods one in keeping with the progress and refinement of the age. The accelerator can be attached to any clock, inside the case and out of sight, and is very simple in operation. It can be adjusted to accelerate the motion of the clock to any desired rate of speed. Suppose the acceleration to be set at double time and that it started at nine o'clock. At half-past nine the clock strikes ten, at ten the clock strikes eleven, and at half-past ten it strikes twelve, and so on. There is an air of truthfulness about this that carries conviction.

"The inventor of the accelerator does not guarantee that it will be effective in every instance, but it is believed that every father will buy one, hopefully, and take the chances."

How to Spot Bride and Groom.

He always offers her his arm.

He always carries two new grips and two umbrel'as.

She never fails to ask how many lumps of sugar he takes in his coffee.

He always pulls out his watch, presumably to see how much of the honeymoon is left.

When he registers at a hotel the "and wife" is written twice as large as his own name.

He's always clean shaven, and wears, besides immaculate linen, a careworn, worried expression.

His Servant.

When Honore de Balzac, the novelist, stated in youth his wish to become a literary man, his father, who had destined him for the bar, was shocked and disappointed. But he gave the boy two years in which to prove his fitness for a literary life, and Honore was installed in an attic near the library where he proposed to work.

His mother believed that a little hardship would soon bring him to his senses, but the correspondence which he thereupon began with his sister shows that the man who was afterward to attain distinction in his chosen work could afford, as a youth, to scorn such trifles as waiting upon him. In the very first letter, he confides to his sister that he has taken a servant. He writes:

"He is named Myself, and a bad bargain he is truly! Myself is lazy, clumsy, thoughtless. His master is hungry or thirsty, and often enough Myself has neither bread nor water to give him: he doesn't even know how to shield him from the wind which whistles through the door and window. As soon as I am awake I ring for Myself, and he makes my bed. Then he sweeps the room, and clumsy he is at it.

"'Myself!

"'Yes, sir.

"'Look at that cobweb with the big fly buzzing in it till I am half giddy with the noise—and the fluff under the bed, and the dust on the window panes!'

"The lazy beggar gazes at me and doesn't stir, and yet, in spite of all his defects, I can't get rid of that unintelligent Myself!"

And the same stupid Myself it was who afterward enriched French literature with a series of wonderful works.

Bluffed.

Some years ago an English engineer was superintending the construction of a new road in Pennsylvania. After supper one evening, he strolled into the sitting-room of a country tavern, where some twenty men were seated around the stove, smoking and chatting. A down-east Yankee was explaining the marvelous strength of the arch, its use and application in mechanics, and illustrating his remarks by handling a half-bushel measure.

"You ain't no idea," said he, "how strong the arch is if ye set it right—if ye know how. Now there's the egg—nothin's got a prettier arch than the egg, and, if you set it right, its mighty strong. Why, I kin set an egg on this floor in sich shape that ye can't break it with this half-bushel measure!"

A general murmur of disbelief ran around the room; but the Yankee was game.

"I said I kin, and I kin; and I bet drinks for the crowd on it!"

The engineer, though a reserved man, could not permit a Yankee to bluff a whole party with such an arrogant and preposterous statement, so he quietly said—

"I'll take that bet."

An egg was brought in from the kitchen and handed to the Yankee. He took it, and placed it upon the floor in a corner of the room where the measure could not reach it. The engineer did not attempt to fill a square corner with a round measure, put paid for the drinks and retired sadder and wiser.

How He Saved Money.

A newspaper reporter who has wielded a pencil for various journals for nearly a score of years, told an interesting story about himself to a party of congenial friends the other evening that will bear repeating.

He said that during the earlier portion of his journalistic career he found it almost impossible to lay aside any money, notwithstanding the fact that he was then a single man and earned a first-class salary.

Try as he would, the money he received on Saturday for the week's work would slip away from him, and when Monday came around there remained nothing for him to do but to strike the cashier.

Finally the cashier became tired of being hit so early in the week, and the reporter was warned that he would have to give it up.

"I managed it in one way and another," said the writer, "but after a time my friends also became tired, and I found myself in many embarrassing positions, until I finally hit on a peculiar but altogether satisfactory plan."

"And what was that?" he was asked.

"Well, it was simply this: When I got my money Saturday afternoon I went over to the postoffice, purchased a registered letter, put a portion of my salary in it and then addressed it to myself at the office.

"Of course the letter was not delivered until Monday, and in that way I managed to get along all right and finally to save some money."

Ruler of the Household.

Wife—When the dressmaker was here this morning she had the impudence to box Willie's ears.

Husband—I am glad I wasn't here.

Wife—Why, I should like to know?

Husband—She might have boxed mine.

They Generally Get Things Reversed.

Miss Belle—I am afraid that the Van Wrangleys will remain in the city this summer.

Mamma—How so?

Miss Belle—Why, I see that the papers announce their intention of spending the season at Bar Harbor.

She Surely Would Not.

Miss Flypp—I don't believe that a woman should marry her opposite.

Miss Trivvet—Don't you?

Miss Flypp—No, I don't. Do you suppose I could be happy with a man who possessed neither beauty nor mental attainments!

A Large Contract.

Stanby—Miss Triller hasn't favored us with any music this evening. I'm going to make her sing.

Old Mr. Triller—I'll make it worth your while if you will, young man. It's more than that Italian professor I've subsidized can do.

She Knew Him Too Well

Young Husband—I want you to love and trust me, Mabel.

Young Wife—I can love you, Charlie, but I can't trust you.

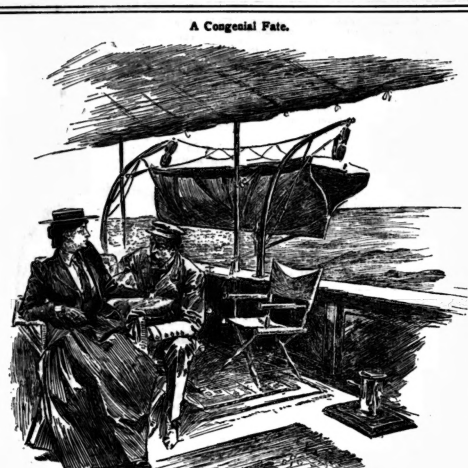
(He had married his tailor's daughter.)

Could Stand It.

"How do you like that?" asked the mediæval torturer as he tightened the thumb screw.

"Oh, it will do—at a pinch," answered the prisoner philosophically.

A Congenial Fate.



Persevering Widower—It was she who drove me to drink.

Miss A. (a little weary)—What could she have driven you to that you would have liked better?—*Puck.*

Correspondence Coupon.

The above coupon must accompany every graphological study sent in. The Editor requests correspondents to observe the following rules: 1. Graphological studies must consist of at least six lines of original matter, including several capital letters. 2. Letters will be answered in their order, unless under unusual circumstances. Correspondents need not take up time by writing, and the editor's time by writing reminders and requests for haste. 3. Quotations, scraps or postal cards are not studied. 4. Please address Correspondence Column. Enclosures unless accompanied by coupons are not studied.

JEAN.—It indicates rather a formal, weak and unformed hand, and a delineation would not please you.

DADDY.—Your writing shows energy, impulse, love of fun and excellent caution and discretion. You are generous, careful, determined and constant in affection.

ELIZA JANE—With a greater measure of enterprise and a stronger personality, altogether this study is a *facsimile* of Minnie S. More ability and individuality are shown.

LADDY.—This is rather an unformed and *gauche* study. Judgment is faulty, care dido, temper good and some promise of excellence with time and training. At present the letters go every which way, and such a crude and gravelling study could to no one credit or give just estimate of what character will doubtless be.

AUDREY ST. CLAIR.—1. Your writing shows imagination, culture and taste, marked sympathy and tact, caution and self-control, a little self-esteem, even temperament and broad and generous views of life. You will not theorize, but do, and though your work may not show genius, yet it will be well done. Honest effort and conscientious desire for perfection shines in every line.

PUSS PUSS.—1. I don't feel competent to unravel Frank Stockton's Plot, and have never chanced to read The Lady or The Tiger. 2. Your writing shows some temper and self-assertion, little patience, a lovable, generous and strong nature. You are communicative, careless, slightly romantic and slow to trust your friends in vital matters. Your faults are the faults of impulsive youth. Your virtues, those of all time.

GLADYS (Hamilton)—1. I add your address, as I have other correspondents of the same name, whose delineations, I hope, did not appear to you to be meant for you. 2. Your writing shows ideality, care for effect, some impatience, lack of self-reliance and decision. You are kind and honest, rather light-hearted and fond of novelty, able to keep your own counsel, and though not a strong, still an interesting study. I think perhaps you are too fond of leaning on others, and not giving to thinking or acting independently.

FIE.—Determination and ambition won't bother me, my son, and you are, though undeveloped exactly, still more fond of a quiet life than a self-assertive one. You have peculiar notions, much sympathy and an original mind; are fond of comfort, constant in your friendships, a little faulty in judgment, discreet and cautious, with sense of humor and a good appreciation of things beautiful. Some decided talent is yours, in one particular line. If taken aright you are amiable, but otherwise you can be very obstinate and crusty. I think you will prove a trustworthy and truthful.

BLUE BELLE.—1. The letters P. P. C. are placed on the lower left hand corner of visiting cards when the caller makes his or her farewell visits before leaving the city or getting married. They stand for three French words, *Pour prendre congé*: To take leave. P. D. A. is also a way of saying the same thing, *Pour dire adieu*, being the significance there. 2. To my *coup-de-p*. 3. Your writing shows some ideality, independence, hope, wit and rather a noble nature. You are somewhat hasty, but not bad-tempered, and your affection is good, but not decorated with much tact or gentleness. I think you are rather of the honest and blunt order, and you would do better for more sympathy and consideration of others.

MINNIE R.—1. Sorry appearances did not come up to expectations. I think him rather picturesque and handsome, but not of course in conventional style. Unconventionality is his chief charm with some people. 2. You are quick and clever, honest and prejudiced, apt to cling close to your friends, opinions, ways and belongings generally; are subject to moods and very much influenced, slightly prone to despond, but experience has probably rubbed off the bloom of life a little for you; your judgment is prone to be swayed by circumstances and feelings, but you are an honest soul and worthy of all the respect and affection you can desire. 3. Your writing shows some of the same you mention, very well, as you will be aware if you are also in Canada with me.

NEBISSA.—1. Marked ideality, impulse, good energy and rather a bright and piquant nature are shown. Rather an erratic turn of mind and lack of consecutive thought I should think writer was apt to fly off from the beaten track pretty often. Some tenacity shows however, and love of your own way. 2. It is certainly inconsiderate and distressing when people are so ill-bred as to disturb an audience with conversation, but what I would do in your if I knew they were gentleman, I should probably tell them to keep quiet, were they disturbing me, and that in some way to save due effects. At the same time, Nebissa, the politeness and calm of good breeding is averse to ladies making their approval of an entertainment evident by means of applause. I think I'd leave the clapping to the gentlemen if I were you. They generally know a good thing when they hear it.

LA BAMA.—The quick temper and sharp criticism still show. Did you expect to reform in a year or less? I am sorry to have kept you waiting so long, but so great a load of correspondence poure in it is unavoidable. You have admirable constancy and persistence in effort and a strong and affectionate nature, but you lack the finer touch of Le Belle, which give subtle power to woman. 2. Your enclosure is a pickle, self-willed, impulsive and the prey of emotion and strong tendency to self-exposure, fond of display, clever and careless, lacking latitude, and though worthy of affection and confidence, yet all the strong tendencies are earthward, and the strong tendencies are very numerous. He depends more than he would confess on the sympathy and love of those near to him; one of those folks who are capable of great successes and great failures. Probably a conservative and prejudiced creature, whom one likes in spite of him.

PATIENCE, Penetang.—You are decidedly a prickly burr, Patience, but with self-will, prejudice and rather an uncertain temper. You are very fond of the comforts of life and shy of its rough places, have imagination constancy, and desire for completeness, thoroughness and work, but you miss with your confession of laziness. Your whole nature needs refining and softening by consideration for others, and desire to please. Your writing would be shorn of its distressing angularity if you had patience and courage to practice daily from the ordinary round hand copy in a school copy books. Letter writing is not much use for practice, one thinks of the matter rather than the manner in that case. As to your question about firmness and obstinacy, it is rather difficult to set it before you. I can see the iron hand, but not the velvet glove in your method. Sometimes yielding is strength and a judicious withdrawal from the fields is victory. Think over this and try and see light through it.

REGINA M.—1. At this late date I have no recollection of the correspondence or answer you mention. I am amused at your assumption that I know everyone, without having seen the study, but I am sure from the tone of your letter that you did not intend to be rude, and indeed most patience, had I many letters like yours, but on occasional one does me no harm. 2. Your thoughts while writing your letter were presumably on the right lines, otherwise you could scarcely have accomplished such a production. 3. As to your age, you are confident old enough to know better. 4. Some good authors whose works would improve you are: Macaulay, Tennyson, Emerson and Ruskin. 5. Your writing shows great lack of culture, but good natural ability, which you value overmuch. a good deal of self-consciousness and ingenuity, some care and conscientious effort, love of art, music and beauty, but crude taste therein, you are very hopeful, full of fun and possibly amiable, very unstable in affection, of which you will never sound the deepest depths, as you lack self-detail and generosity, you desire success and are rather apt to aim high.

THE ARTIST'S FINGERPOST

OIL COLORS—Hoyt's, Winsor & Newton's.
WATER COLORS—Winsor & Newton's, Reeves'.
CANVAS—Reeves', Winsor & Newton's.
BRUSHES—English, German, American.
EASELS HERE—The Finger Patent.
PAPERS—All good makers
PENCILS—Hardmuth's, Faber's, Dixon's.
HANDBOOKS—Winsor & Newton's, Vere Foster's.
CHINA COLORS—Lacroix, Guasche, &c.

In fact everything, and at prices always calculated to please, because no one will ever tell you they can buy better elsewhere.

The Art Metropole

181 Yonge St., Toronto (opposite Temperance St.) and 5, 6 and 7 Toronto Arcade.
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL

ESTABLISHED 1867

J. & J. LUGSDIN

THE LEADING

Hatters and Furriers

101 Yonge Street, TORONTO

'Phone 2515

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

CURE

Sick Headache and relieve all the troubles incident to a bilious state of the system, such as Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Distress after eating, Pain in the Side, &c. While their most remarkable success has been shown in curing

SICK

Headache, yet CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cured

HEAD

Ache they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint; but fortunately their goodness does not end here, and those who once try them will find these little pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all sick head

ACHE

is the bane of so many lives that here is where we make our great boast. Our pills cure it while others do not.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are very small and very easy to take. One or two pills make a dose. They are strictly vegetable and do not gripe or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them. In vials at 25 cents; five for $1. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail.

CARTER MEDICINE CO., New York.

Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

RIPANS TABULES regulate the stomach, liver and bowels, purify the blood, give a clear skin and offer what has been long needed for indigestion, biliousness, headache, constipation, dyspepsia, chronic liver troubles, dysentery, bad complexion, humors, offensive breath and all disorders of the stomach, liver and bowels. Are pleasant, safe and effective. Take one at meal time. Sold by Druggists. A trial box will go well recommend them. RIPANS CHEMICAL CO., 10 Spruce St., New York.

CHAS. STRONACH
FUNERAL GOODS
J. A. GORMALY

"AN ABSOLUTE CURE FOR INDIGESTION."

ADAMS' PEPSIN Tutti-Frutti.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS & CONFECTIONERS

DUNN'S BAKING POWDER

THE COOK'S BEST FRIEND

LARGEST SALE IN CANADA.

THIRTY YEARS.

Johnston, N. B., March 11, 1889.

"I was troubled for thirty years with pains in my side, which increased and became very bad. I used

ST. JACOBS OIL

and it completely cured. I give it all praise."

MRS. WM. RYDER.

"ALL RIGHT! ST. JACOBS OIL DID IT."

THREE Pozzoni's POINTS

COMPLEXION

POWDER: SAFE; CURATIVE; BEAUTIFYING. 1. 2. 3.

THREE White, Pink, Flesh. POZZONI'S All Druggists Fancy Stores. TINTS

Music.

COOLER days have come and with them the schemes and plans for next year are being laid, and when you meet a music teacher on the streets nowadays, he has a serious and portentous look. He is figuring up who will be in his flock next season and what it will cost—them. If you see him with a frock-coat and a high hat adorning his person, you may know that he is calling on prospective pupils, and pulling wires generally. Perhaps next day the faded serge and darkened straw hat may be *en evidence* again, but there is still blood in his eye. He goes about with a hungry and a watchful look, and ever and anon takes out his note-book and jots down a forgotten name. All of which looks like business and tells us that September 5 is near, when a more or less dreary round of work, broken only by Thanksgiving Day, will keep his nose to the grindstone until Christmas. The young ladies with music-rolls and fiddle boxes will soon decorate our streets, and the fight between young music students and their landladies over that "awful practicing" will begin again, in which the neighbors will aid and abet the landladies.

*

A friend of mine who writes on a musical paper in the great United States, that land of strikes, cyclones and blizzards, has lately had a bilious fit and discourses at length in sarcastic mood on the great efforts made to secure students and turn out hall-stamped goods in a short time. No doubt there is a great deal of this sort of thing everywhere, yet I fancy that we, in Toronto, are not quite so bad as in other places. I may be excused for this pharisaism when I draw attention to the fact that ours is a smaller city, where pupils and teachers are nearly all well known and where the progress and results can be watched and seen and heard from time to time and where the work can be estimated accordingly. I do not mean to say that all that is done in Toronto is good, or that all methods used are good, but I do believe that we compare favorably in the totality of our work with many larger places among our retaliating neighbors. There is something in their hurry and rush that is foreign to the drinking-in an acquisition of solid knowledge, while here we go slower, save our digestion, and foster our brain power, and consequently we are enabled to see in many instances that gradual gaining of power and skill which looks as if it had come to stay. Rivalry and emulation among ourselves, where results are always visible in a comparatively small community, do much to aid this and every year adds to our strength in teachers, students and pupils.

*

With all this it is well to remember that as in the past, so in the present, there is perhaps too great a tendency to overlook both the fundamental and the practical—both ends, one might say. This same emulation produces the deplorable result. Madame Lilli Lehmann told me that she studied for three years before she attempted an aria. How many of our teachers dare attempt such a treatment of their work, and how many of their pupils would submit to it? Yet, how otherwise can the absolutely greatest results be achieved? To spend such a term on fundamental work may be an exaggeration, deemed by many the outcome of a cranky mind and disposition, yet its direction is the correct one. On all sides we see young singers wading amiably through arias, their performance of which, faulty though it may be, is somewhat sweetened by the welcome we extend to an old love in the shape of a favorite aria, yet ask these young people to sing an English ballad or one of the more exacting modern songs, and you at once notice the poor enunciation, uncertain intonation, and thin production of tone. How many of these young people will ever be able to pay for a patch on their boots by their singing of arias? How much more the simple, correct and dignified rendition of an English song would g'adden the hearts of parents, of friends and of the audiences who may listen to them.

*

Yet this part of the singer's training is all too much neglected. Because there were in former generations giants among the Italians, we are to-day ridden by the shibboleth of "Italian method," and by its outward mark of Italian arias. Our language is different enough from the Italians to call for an "English method," one which shall combine a full, economical production, and which shall produce an elegant and refined, while distinct enunciation. Physical efforts, just and proper when made by giants, are enforced upon young singers who are, comparatively speaking, pigmies. Inferences are drawn from the action of finished singers, and are made to apply to beginners. Voices are quenched and distorted, and superficial smoothness attained, without a proper and substantial foundation. All this is in the wrong direction. Whipped cream is ornamental but it is not the solid stuff. In speaking of these things I would impress upon parents the fact that thorough grounding is as important to the young student who seeks a singing master to gain an accomplishment merely, as it is to the one who looks forward to the result as an equipment for a profession. What he would keep he must first find.

*

Lest I should be accused of inconsistency in imitating my friend's bilious effusion, while claiming some superiority for my own home, I may add that our faults with small pretensions at home are very frequently found to be present in larger centers which are fond of arrogating to themselves all the good there is on the continent. I have lately met some young ladies who have spent time and money—much of both—with teachers in Boston who may be called celebrated, yet these young people are unsatisfactory in their performances, and they feel their weakness. Weakness and parsimony of tone—entirely wanting in generous freedom of emission, giving loftiness, roundness and fulness of quality—together with the inability to give expressive force to a song, are their salient characteristics as singers. Is this honest on the part of the teachers? To put a superficial gloss upon the voices and not bring out the best that nature has placed there? The rush and the hurry and the need of showing progress is the bane of study under such masters, and is the frequent cause of the many disappointments when these young people come home, sing a few times and fade into oblivion. Perhaps the most encouraging feature about the whole business is that they fade into oblivion. It shows that the public taste is—innocently enough, perhaps—correct in its instinct, and while it remains so, the hope for purer, better work may not be too indefinitely deferred.

*

Matters are nearly equally at fault in the instrumental departments. Not long ago a young lady who had played—in public—a movement from a concerto with *quasi* orchestral accompaniment, had occasion to play—or attempt to play—an accompaniment to a song. A slip caused me to ask what the key was. She answered readily enough, "Four flats." A subtle demon prompted me to ask her, "Well, what is the name of the key?" She answered poutingly, "Oh! I never can tell the name of a key!" The moral that I would draw on the mode of that young lady's study would fill a book of no mean dimensions. Parade and ostentation drive honest, thorough work to the wall, and yet, as I at first said, the practical is lost sight of. A simple accompaniment—for many of these young people have to find more useful spheres in playing accompaniments than in piece-playing—presents a *pons asinorum* to them in reading, in phrasing and the power to grasp the singer's meaning. As to marks of expression, they might as well be rubbed out for all the influence they have upon the rendition.

*

Young organ players will grind out a sonata (save the mark) or some of the French offertories, yet when a hymn tune is placed before them they do not know what to do with their fingers and still less what to do with their feet. Should they be asked to accompany a chanted psalm or canticle, you might as well ask them to tell you the population of Mars. Fancy the certificated pupil of an English organist showing himself off in this style! Such a thing as a free accompaniment to a hymn or chant is as a sealed book to these people, and yet in spite of method or lack of method in technique or mode of study, we still see young people of genius cropping up among us, but it is not always the fault of their teachers. But, as I estimated before, I have seen worse from larger and more pretentious centers, so please do not look upon this Jeremiade as unpatriotic.

*

I see that the great American—eagle—we will say, has allowed the Thirteenth Battalion Band to play in Buffalo in spite of the contract labor law. So much the better for Buffalo. Our Hamilton friends, with their usual energy and ambition, have carried the war into Africa. St. George's Society, in that enterprising city, has dropped the negotiations it was carrying on for the engagement of Gilmore's Band. The meteor flag is not to be sneezed at any longer without retaliation in kind. And yet I feel a sneaking impulse to get up on the back fence and yell: "Hurrah for St. George's Society of Hamilton."

*

An instance of the want of courtesy and consideration sometimes shown to professional people occurred at the banquet given to the United Typothetæ at the Rossin House last week. Some singers had been engaged to assist in the joy of the evening, and on arriving at the banqueting room found that there were no seats at the table for them. A gentleman named Rutter made the arrangements, but had not arranged for this detail, evidently expecting the singers to wait outside like lackeys until the feast of reason and flow of soul had progressed sufficiently far to allow of their appearance on the scene. Upon remonstrance, he finally conceded, after some bluster, the suggestion that the vocalists should proceed to a side room and have their dinners brought in there—on the side, as it were. To this they objected, and went off and regaled themselves with some frugal sandwiches and excellent bottled ale elsewhere, returning when they deemed the banquet ripe for their appearance. Later this gentleman had the grace to express his regrets, and said that it was not his fault, whereupon a bystander muttered, "No, ignorance is not a fault, it is a misfortune." I may say that I have sung at public dinners in Toronto for twenty-five years, and this is the first time that I have heard of, such a deliberate disregard of what is everywhere considered good manners in the premises. I hope that the next time such a thing occurs, the singing men will gather up their belongings and go home, a procedure which, I fancy, would have been followed on this occasion had the gathering not been an international one.

*

Mr. J. D. A. Tripp has returned from a year's sojourn in Berlin, where he was honored by being the first and only Canadian pupil of Moritz Moszkowski, the great composer, from whom he brings a warm *Zeugniss*. Mr. Tripp will remain in Toronto and resume teaching this season, having also in view the giving of a recital at an early date.

METRONOME.

Why He Let the Baby Fall.

A young curate, who had recently taken orders, was appointed to a church where the vicar was extremely energetic, so much so that when he had been there six months he had never had a chance of preaching. This, he thought, was very hard lines, as he felt sure that he had the making of a great orator in him. One day, however, his vicar told him that there would be a child to christen the next Sunday afternoon, but that as he (the vicar) would be engaged elsewhere, it would fall to him to the curate to conduct the service. "Now," he thought to himself, "if I am not allowed to preach, I will at least avail myself of this opportunity to let some portion of the congregation know what my oratorical powers are."

The eventful afternoon arrived, the child's father, mother, uncles and aunts, godfathers and godmothers stood round the font. The service went very well until he had to take the child in his arms. He took hold of it as though it were a torpedo, and then delivered himself of this oration:

"My dear brethren, before I proceed to christen this child I would like to address a few words to the sponsors as to its future welfare. It is an old saying and a true one that the child is father to the man. Now, this infant I hold in my arms may, if properly trained, rise to great eminence. He might one day, if well brought up, get into Parliament and become a second Disraeli or Gladstone, and pass such laws as would be of benefit to the whole of the British Empire. Or, again, he might become a great soldier and emulate the deeds of Bonaparte or Wellington. Should he go into the Church he might eventually become Archbishop of Canterbury or a great mission ary, and be the means of converting thousands of souls.

"If he enter the medical profession, why should he not be a Jenner or a Pasteur, or a man like Harvey, who discovered the circulation of the blood? Should he turn his attention to commerce, what is there to prevent him becoming Lord Mayor of London?

"As a scientific man he might be a Newton or a Faraday. What is the child's name?"

"Mary Anne, please, sir."

The baby fell.

As Usual

She grabbed the letter with the ferocity of a tiger. She found it in her husband's pocket, addressed in a fine female hand. "Now I have the wretch!" she hissed through the set teeth of her rigid jaws. She crumpled the missive in a demoniac grasp, and then her fiery eyes shot upon the inscription, "Mrs. John Smith, Buttonville." "That's it! that's it!" she again hissed in her triumph. "It's the letter I gave him to mail to mother a month ago."

He Saves Many Lives.

Bunting—Dr. Paresis is the most successful physician I know of. He has marvellous success, in fact.

Larkin—He knows medicine thoroughly, I suppose?

Bunting—Is isn't that altogether. He has his perscriptions written out on a typewriter.

Self Sacrifice.

"Who is that with you, Polly?"

"Mr. Chynning. The greatest bore on the island."

"Then why are you with him so much?"

"Because it will be sure to get to my husband's ears and bring him here. It's the only way I can make him take a vacation."

INCORPORATED 1886 TORONTO HON. G. W. ALLAN PRESIDENT

CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC

ARTISTS' AND TEACHERS' GRADUATING COURSES IN ALL BRANCHES OF MUSIC.
University Affiliation.
SCHOLARSHIPS, DIPLOMAS, CERTIFICATES, MEDALS, ETC.
Summer Normal Term.
FALL TERM opens 5th Sept.
with enlarged staff and increased facilities.

SCHOOL OF ELOCUTION
MR. S. H. CLARK, Principal.
BEST METHODS, LARGE AND EFFICIENT STAFF, COMPLETE EQUIPMENT.
One and two year courses with Diploma
Delsarte and Swedish Gymnastics, taught by competent specialists.
Fall Term (Elocution) begins Sept. 5th.
Separate Calendar for this department.

CONSERVATORY CALENDAR MAILED FREE
EDWARD FISHER,
COR. YONGE ST. AND WILTON AVE. MUSICAL DIRECTOR

ONTARIO COLLEGE OF MUSIC 56 HOMEWOOD AVE. TORONTO, Ont.
ESTABLISHED 1884
CHAS. FARRINGER - - Principal

To insure first-class work from the lowest to the highest grade of music, the pupils of our primary department receive daily instruction, or, in other words, practice under constant supervision of an experienced teacher. From the primary department they are transferred to the care of a teacher, born and educated in Germany, who has had over thirty years' experience as a teacher of music in boarding schools for young ladies in this country.

At the close of our last term we had the pleasure of granting first certificates to four of our pupils.

FORM OF OUR CERTIFICATES.

This is to certify that M..... has been publicly examined and given satisfaction in the performance of pieces, selected by a disinterested committee, from selections named on margin hereof, etc.

The margin contains a list of 100 pieces (about 1000 pages), and among the prominent names of the composers we find: Mendelssohn, Mozart, Beethoven, Heller, Schumann, Rubinstein, Chopin, etc. A certificate of this kind is, therefore, not only desirable in Toronto and vicinity, but will speak for itself in any part of the world where the study of music is cultivated.

Young ladies from the country can be accommodated with rooms, board and use of pianos at the school.

CHAS. FARRINGER, Principal,
Telephone 3021. 56 Homewood Ave.

MISS McCARROLL, Teacher of Harmony
AT THE
TORONTO CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC
(Formerly principal resident piano teacher at the Bishop Strachan School, Toronto.)
Will be prepared to receive pupils in Harmony and Piano Playing on and after September 7, at her residence
14 St. Joseph Street, Toronto.
Pupils of Ladies' Colleges taught at reduction in terms.

MR. E. W. SCHUCH
Conductor Toronto Vocal Society.
Choirmaster-elect St. James' Cathedral.
Conductor University Glee Club.
Conductor Harmony Club.
Instruction in Voice Culture and Expression in Singing.
35 Grenville Street

MR. A. S. VOGT
Organist and Choirmaster Jarvis Street Baptist Church
Teacher of the Pianoforte and Organ
Residence, 405 Church Street, Toronto

MISS MARGUERITE DUNN, B.E.
Graduate of the National School of Elocution and Oratory, Philadelphia.
Teacher of Elocution and Voice Culture and Delsarte Physical Culture
Open for concert engagements and evenings of readings.
389 Wilton Ave. Toronto College of Music

MR. J. D. A. TRIPP
Concert Pianist and Teacher of Piano
Certified pupil of Moszkowski, formerly pupil of Edward Fisher.
Toronto Conservatory of Music and 20 Beaton Street, Toronto

MANDOLIN LESSONS
By Lady Professor from Italy
Highest references from London, Rome and New York. Terms, &c., address MRS. H. W. WEBSTER, 428 Church St.

BERT KENNEDY
Teacher of Banjo, Guitar and Mandolin
Lessons at Studio in mornings, and at pupils' residences in afternoon. Reasonable terms.
Studio, 351 Jarvis Street, Toronto, Ont.

TORONTO COLLEGE OF EXPRESSION
EIGHT PROMINENT SPECIALISTS
Our specialist in DELSARTE, Gesture and Esthetic Physical Culture has received many years of training from ablest teachers in America. *Fall term begins October 17.*
One, two and three year's courses. Calendar sent.
PRINCIPAL MOUNTEER,
Arcade, cor. Yonge and Gerrard Sts. Toronto, Can.

J. W. F. HARRISON
Organist and Choirmaster St. Simon's Church.
Musical Director of the Ontario Ladies' Colleges, Whitby.
ORGAN AND PIANO
94 Gloucester Street

DR. McLAUGHLIN, DENTIST,
Cor. College and Yonge Streets.
Special attention to the preservation of the natural teeth
VITALIZED AIR FREE
I will insert the best teeth on rubber or celluloid for $8 and $10, and include extracting with the air.
C. H. RIGGS
Cor. King and Yonge Sts. Telephone 1476

STAMMERING
CHURCH'S AUTO-VOCE SCHOOL. No advance fees. 2 Wilton Crescent, Toronto.

TORONTO COLLEGE OF MUSIC
ARTISTS and TEACHERS' CERTIFICATES DIPLOMAS (LIMITED)
Send for calendar. College reopens September 5.
F. H. TORRINGTON, Mus. Director.

MR. F. WARRINGTON BARITONE
Choirmaster Sherbourne Street Methodist Church, Toronto
Will receive pupils in Voice Culture and Piano at his residence, 314 Carlton Street, Toronto.
OPEN FOR CONCERT ENGAGEMENTS

FREDERICK BOSCOVITZ
STUDIO (For Piano Lessons Only)
15 KING STREET EAST
(Messrs. Nordheimer)

W. O. FORSYTH (Piano Specialist)
Studied in Germany with the famous artists—M. Krause, Dr. S. Jadassohn, Gustav Schreck and Adolf Ruthardt. Exponent of the celebrated Krause-Liszt technic, the method and style of the greatest pianists. Teacher of piano playing and harmony at Toronto College of Music, Moulton Ladies' College, and Miss Veal's School for Young Ladies, also privately. Address—
128 College Street, Toronto

WALTER DONVILLE
TEACHER OF VIOLIN
Pupil of Prof. Carrodus, Trinity College, London, Eng.
8 Buchanan St., and Toronto College of Music

LLOYD N. WATKINS
305 Church Street
Thorough instruction on Banjo Guitar, Mandolin and Zither.

J. W. L. FORSTER
Portraits a Specialty ARTIST
STUDIO 81 KING ST. EAST

MISS CLAIRE BERTHON, Portrait Painter
Pupil of Forster, is prepared to receive a limited number of pupils in painting and drawing. Terms on application.
Studio, 591 Sherbourne Street

ONTARIO LADIES' COLLEGE
WHITBY, ONT.
Doing the most advanced work of any Ladies' College in Canada. Charming location. Elegant buildings. Rates moderate. Apply for information to
PRINCIPAL HARE, Ph.D.

COTHERSTONE HOUSE
189 Bloor Street East
Boarding and Day School for Young Ladies
Term Commences September 12
For circulars address the MISSES JOPLING.

LOWE'S COMMERCIAL ACADEMY, 346 Spadina Ave., Toronto. Shorthand, Bookkeeping and Typewriting. Taught until proficient for $5.

Bingham Prints Invitations For Weddings, Parties, Etc. Good 38 Adelaide St. West Toronto

GOLDEN HEALTH PELLET
Specific in Sick Headache, Dyspepsia, Constipation, Liver and Pile troubles and Menstrual difficulties. Worth a guinea a box. Price 25c.; 5 boxes for $1. Send for pamphlet free.
THOMPSON'S HOMŒOPATHIC PHARMACY
596 Yonge Street, Toronto

NEWCOMBE -:-
PIANOS
Endorsed by the highest musical authority.
THE FINEST MADE IN CANADA
OCTAVIUS NEWCOMBE & CO.
MANUFACTURERS
TORONTO MONTREAL OTTAWA
Head Office—107-9 Church Street

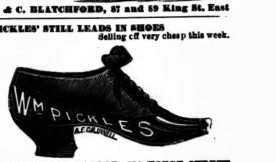
NEW MUSIC

Anita Valse Espagnole, by R. Renhe ..... 60c.
Victoria, new dance, by H. M. Early, music by Chas. Bohner.. 40c.
Danse Romantique (Jersey or Schottische) F. E. Galbraith... 40c.
Skirt Dance, Marjorie, by L. Gray 25c.
Tar and Tartar Waltzes, arranged by E. Frass ..... 50c.
Laurence Jersey, by Nellie Smith 40c.
Comic Song, There's Not Another Like It, by James Fax..... 40c.
Sacred Song, Sun of My Soul, by Nellie Smith ..... 50c.
Elite Song Folio, a splendid collection of song, paper cover.... 75c.
WHALEY, ROYCE & CO., Publishers
158 Yonge Street, Toronto

SHAKESPEARE SAID:

"Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown," but how much more uneasy are the people who are content to walk about in bad-fitting Boots and Shoes. One visit to our establishment is the remedy (and the only one) therefor. Do not delay, as the foot is so delicate in its construction that one pair of these ill-formed and badly cut boots you have been unfortunate enough to secure may ruin your "understanding."
Note the address—
H. & C. BLATCHFORD, 87 and 89 King St. East

PICKLES' STILL LEADS IN SHOES
Selling off very cheap this week.



PICKLES' SHOE PARLOR, 393 YONGE STREET

Miraculous Water
IS USED FOR
Removing Pimples, Blotches, &c., and for beautifying
THE COMPLEXION
Ask your druggist for it, or send to
P. BRUNET, 31 Adelaide St. West

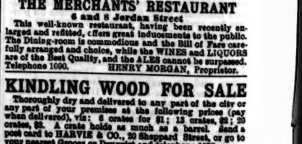
GET YOUR HATS BLOCKED AT
H. & W. WATSON'S
11 Adelaide Street West

BALD HEADS
We warrant Capilline to produce the growth of hair and remove dandruff. No mineral poisons.
Love's Drug Store, 166 Yonge Street

F. W. MICKLETHWAITE
PHOTOGRAPHER
Cor. King and Jarvis Streets, Toronto
Established 1876.
Mikado Panels, 6 for 50c.; $1 a doz.
Sunbeams, 4 for 25c.

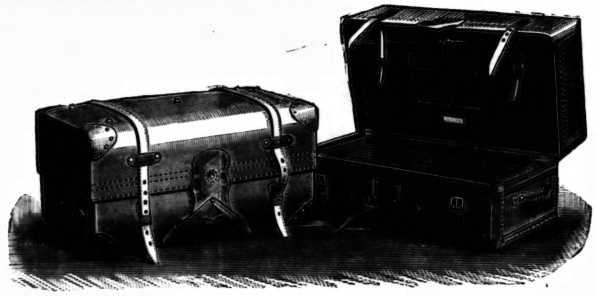
REMOVAL - -
ELDRIDGE STANTON
Has removed his Photographic Studio to
11 King Street West

REMINGTON
STANDARD
TYPEWRITER
The Leading Educational Institutions
are adopting the Remington to the exclusion of all other Typewriters.
Machines sent to any part of Ontario on rental for practice or office work.
GEORGE BENGOUGH,
10 and 12 Adelaide Street East,
Telephone 1207. TORONTO.



THE MERCHANTS' RESTAURANT
4 and 6 Jordan Street
This well-known restaurant, having been recently enlarged and refitted, offers patrons the choicest of viands. The Dining-room is commodious and the Bill of Fare carefully arranged and choice, while the WINES and LIQUORS are of the Best Quality, and the ALES cannot be surpassed.
Telephone 1090. HENRY MORGAN, Proprietor.

KINDLING WOOD FOR SALE
Thoroughly dry and delivered to any part of the city or any part of your premises at the following prices (pay when delivered), viz: 2 cords for $5; 13 crates, $2; 20 crates, $3. A crate holds as much as a barrel. Send a postal card to HARVIE & CO., 30 Sheppard Street, or go to your nearest Grocer or Druggist and telephone 1570.



A Fashionable Solid Leather Portmanteau.

It is unquestionable that a good Solid Leather Trunk or Portmanteau is the most durable and stylish piece of baggage one can travel with. At the same time a cheap imitation, got up for show, is not as serviceable as a five dollar wooden trunk. In purchasing such goods everything depends upon the standing of the parties from whom you buy. Pay a fair price and trust to the guarantee of a reliable house. The largest and best assorted stock of Solid Leather Trunks and Portmanteaus in the Dominion is on display at the handsome store of H. E. Clarke & Co., 105 King street west, by whom the above engraving and information are supplied.

Social and Personal.

(Continued from Page Two.)

Bride of Buffalo, and Mr. Will E. Stoddart of Bradford, brothers of the contracting parties, acted as ushers. The bride wore a very elegant princesse gown of ivory white *faille française*, with court train, trimmed with pearls and dainty Medici lace. Her only ornament was a diamond pendant, the gift of the groom; the bridal bouquet was of Marechal Niel roses. Miss Lamont wore a handsome dress of dove Lansdowne, trimmed with rose *chiffon* and ribbons. Miss Magee's dress was of pink Henrietta with feather trimming of the same delicate shade. After the ceremony the guests sat down to an elaborate wedding breakfast. The presents were numerous. Among those present from a distance were: Mr. Morley Duff and Miss Duff of Barrie, Mr. David Stoddart and Miss Campbell of Owen Sound, and Mr. M. R. McPhail of New York. Mr. and Mrs. McBride left on the evening train for an extended trip down the St. Lawrence and through the Maritime Provinces and New England States.

•

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Pipon have returned from their honeymoon.

•

Dr. Carveth of College street has returned from Murray Bay.

•

Hon. Mackenzie Bowell was in town this week.

•

A stylish little party of interested onlookers witnessed the launching and naming of the new life boat on Wednesday afternoon. The inception and success of this noble enterprise is principally due to the goodness of the Sons of England. The *chatelaine* of Government House, Mrs. Kirkpatrick, performed the ceremony, and the gallant craft was launched amid the plaudits and good wishes of the spectators. I noticed beside the Lieutenant-Governor and his lady, Lord Bishop of Toronto and Mrs. Sweatman, Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Thompson, Mr. R. Ivens and others.

•

Mrs. H. Matheson is spending the summer with her daughter, Mrs. Hickson, at Champlain House, Quebec.

•

Mr. and Mrs. T. Armstrong of 70 Gloucester street have returned from a very pleasant two months' tour through bonnie Scotland, their native country. Mrs. Armstrong's many friends will be pleased to hear that her health is very much improved.

•

A pretty and interesting wedding took place last Wednesday at St. Stephen's church, Hornby, when Mr. R. H Wilson of Winnipeg and Miss Sarah Bussell, eldest daughter of Mr. James Bussell of Cedarhurst, were made one. Rev. Canon Tremaine of Mimico, assisted by Rural Dean McKenzie of Hornby, performed the service, the church being beautifully decorated with flowers. Miss Bussell wore a handsome gray tweed tailor-made gown and hat to match, her bridesmaid, Miss Belle Bussell, being similarly attired. Mr. Peters of Toronto was the best man. Little Miss Hazel Ellis of Toronto was the maid of honor, and was escorted by her small brother, Master Edwin Ellis, as page. Over a hundred guests from Toronto, Hamilton, Cobourg and other cities swelled the number of congratualting friends, and many handsome presents were offered. The wedding breakfast was held at Cedarhurst, after which Mr. and Mrs. Wilson left for Montreal and the leading American cities. They will reside in Winnipeg.

•

A very pleasant musical evening, followed by dancing, was given by Mrs. Preston and Mrs. Birchall at the I. A. A. Club Hall, Center Island, on Friday evening last. Among those who contributed to the enjoyment of the evening were: Mrs. Birchall, Miss Francis, Miss Labatt, Miss Boulitbee and Mr. Marshall.

The engagement of Mr. Wadsworth and Miss Boulton is announced.

Out of Town.

NIAGARA-ON-THE-LAKE.

Of the many gay, if small, festivities of the past week nothing was jollier than a picnic given by Miss Tootie Heward last Monday in honor of the anniversary of her birthday. The spot chosen was the very pretty and picturesque woods on the edge of the Four Mile Pond, on the surface of which were hundreds of gleaming water lilies lifting their snowy heads just beyond the longing grasp of even the most venturesome who attempted to bridge the great fallen logs lying between the bank and the white and gold lilies in their garden of green beyond. About four o'clock the guests, accompanied by their fair entertainer, alighted from a huge van which had conveyed them from Doyle's Hotel, up the wide but dusty old Main street and along the winding Lake Shore road, to the discordant shrieks of a horn and the happy voices of twenty-five or thirty young men and maidens, all laughing and talking at the same time with a pleasant forgetfulness of everything but the enjoyment of the hour. Games and races, in the management of which Mr. Frank Russell proved himself a most jolly director and unprejudiced judge, occupied the hour preceding tea, which Miss Howe, Miss Jarvis and Miss Heward were meanwhile preparing in a charming little spot near the water's edge. An hour or two later a prettier picture could scarcely have been arranged. A huge bon-fire, waging war against the deepening twilight, blazed from the hollow trunk of a fallen tree, throwing flickering light and shadows over the merry faces and forms grouped in every sort of easy attitude, eloquent of comfort and enjoyment, a little distance away. Sitting a short distance from the others, with his broad shoulders against a sturdy tree and his legs hanging lazily over the bank, sat a young man in gray, who divided his time equally between his friendly pipe and a quiet, quizzical survey through his glasses of the scene and the faces around him. A little farther on a youth in flannels seemed to be pleasantly occupied in deep conversation with a pretty, brown-eyed maiden with blue ribbons flying from her light dress, while on the edge of the bank, with an admiring group around her, sat Miss Jarvis, her sweet voice as she sang one or two of her prettiest songs mingling with the only other sound to be heard, the monotonous dash of the waves on the shore of the lake. A very pleasant little impromptu dance at Mrs. Howe's handsome residence brought to an end a most delightful evening, during which the prizes won at the races in the afternoon were presented by Miss Edith Heward, who in turn accepted the hearty and sincere wishes and congratulations of her many friends and admirers. Among others present were: Mr. Stephen and the Misses Connie and Edith Jarvis, Miss C. Ferry, Mr. G. Thompson, the Misses Winnett, Mr. Frank Russell, Miss M. Geale, Mr. Percy Ball, Master B. Harvey, the Misses Heward, Mr. Charles Heward, Mr. Mee, Mr. C. and the Misses Howe, Mr. Huron Rock, Dr. Gibbons, Mr. Greydon, Miss Lillian Anderson, Master W. and Miss Lizzie Alma, Mr. Herbert Syer, Master J. Syer and a few others.

All the concerts at the Amphitheater during the season are so pleasant that it is difficult to decide upon any one being more enjoyable than another, but last Friday's was certainly one of the best yet held this summer. Everyone was unanimous in this opinion, and judging from the encores demanded, the audience seemed anxious to encore all they could of a good thing. Mr. Ramsay simply brought down the house, one song alone being encored five times. The uproarious applause and loud raps which followed each song of his put an end to any attempt to proceed with the next number on the programme; and again and again, to the manifest delight of his audience, he was compelled to re-appear. Miss Brimson, the soprano of the evening, was simply charming, both her voice and face captivating her audience completely. She wore a very pretty white gown, the bodice cut square, with a necklace of diamonds encircling her fair throat. Mr. Sourock's songs were very much enjoyed, an encore following each. Miss Danby, a graduate of the Ontario School of Oratory, was the elocutionist of the evening and made a very favorable impression, her handsome and elaborate gown and pretty face winning almost as much admiration as her talent. Mrs. Ramsay, who wore a very pretty yellow gown, presided as usual at the piano, her exquisite touch as accompanist adding the perfectly finish to the songs of the evening.

Miss Florence Way, who has been visiting friends at Chautauqua, returned to Toronto last Friday. More than one, but assuredly one in particular, will miss her bright face at the galeties here.

Miss C. Ferry of Hamilton and Mr. T. Jarvis of New York are the guests of Mrs. A. Jarvis.

Messrs. W. and H. Syer have returned from their trip up the lake.

Among the guests at the Queen's Royal last Sunday were the following from Toronto: Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Manning, Miss Ella Burt, Mr. Frank Burt, Mr. W. D. Hart, Mr. A. Hoskins, Mr. Gus Dubois, Mr. and Mrs. A. Johnson, Mr. A. Rutherford, Mr. G. A. Stimson, Mr. J. Fenson, Mr. L. Ogden, Mr. D. B. Dick, Mr. G. Mathiews, Mr. B. Adams, Mrs. McCaul, Mrs. Maurice Hutton, Mrs. and Miss Hay, Mr. J. Jardine, Mrs. Mackay, Mr. Hugh Macdonald, Mr. A. J. McTavish, Mr. E. S. Boyden, Mr. W. Darnley, Mr. A. C. Robb, Mr. W. J. Gap, Mr. A. G. Sharp, Mr. F. Coulson, Mr. N. F. Cassell, Mr. M. McDermid, Mrs. H. Bruce Brough, Mr. C. E. Clarke, Mr. A. Neelon, Mr. J. F. Taylor, Mr. R. L. Patterson, Miss M. McCarthy, Mr. Hugh Neilson, Mrs. I. S. Williams, Mr. J. J. Mackenzie, Mr. C. H. Fenwick, Mr. J. A. Mackay, Mr. E. P. Beatty.

The following registered from Buffalo: Mr. C. F. Bugg, Miss Cochrane, Mr. Geo. P. Raymond, Mr. Walter Devereux, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Miller, Mr. T. L. Davidson, Mr. Edward Davis, Mr. W. J. Williams, Mr. R. J. Getz, Mr. Paul C. Ransom, Mr. Nelson C. Holland, Mr. Warren and the Misses Miller, Miss Katie Joy, Mr. D. Mincham, Mr. T. A. Russell, Mr. W. C. Russell, Miss Edna Hurd, Mr. C. Kennedy.

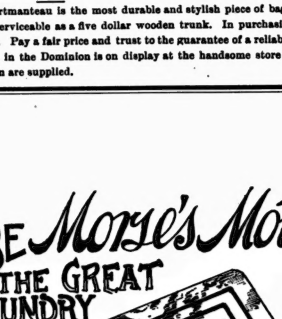
Mr. Duncan Pacaul is the guest of Mr. W. Syer.

Some of those at the hop at the Queen's last Saturday were the following: Dr. and Mrs. Wiverton of Hamilton, Miss Keefer of Niagara Falls, Miss Durand, Miss Kerr of St. Catharines, Capt. and Mrs. R. G. Dickson, Mrs. W. Lansing, Mrs. and Miss Foy, Mr. C. Milloy, Messrs. P. and E. Ball, Mrs. H. L. Anderson, Messrs. W. and A. Anderson, Mr. H. Watt, the Misses Winnett, the Misses Heward, Mr. Mee, Mr. and the Misses Howe, Mr. and Mrs. Collinson, Mr. Routh, Mr. Elliott, Mr. Stimson, Mr. and Mrs. Holcroft, Mrs. H. Garrett, Mrs. H. Hewgill, Mr. W. Hart, Mrs. Keyes, Mr. Huron Rock, Mr. A. Hoskins, Miss Burt, Mr. Fenson, Mr. C. Buck, Miss Cochrane, Mr. Davidson, Miss Miller, Mr. T. Russell, Mr. L. Nelles, Miss Hurd, Mr. T. Davidson, Miss Joy, Mr. P. Ransom, Mr. G. Raymond, Mr. Greydon. Some of the costumes which won admiration were: Mrs Winnett, blue and silver; Mrs. Woolverton, a princess dress of cream cashmere; Miss Keefer, white pongee with deep flounce of white lace; Miss Scott, cream nun's veiling; Miss Howe, black lace and velvet; Mrs. Anderson, cream flowered delaine and brown silk.

It is many a day since the ball-room of the Queen's has presented such a charming scene as that of Tuesday evening, the occasion being a children's fancy dress ball. Most royally were Mrs. Winnett's kind invitations responded to, the result bringing together over a hundred as perfectly costumed little ones as it would be possible to imagine. A few of the very many present who attracted special attention were the following: Miss Mattie Winnett, who as Kate Greenaway won every heart in the room; Miss Mary Garrett, a charming little Vivandier; Master Hamilton Garrett, a midshipmite; Master Charlie Heward, a soldier boy; Miss Lilian Anderson and Miss Edith Heward, two captivating young French cooks; Master Willie Alma, Little Boy Blue; Master Duncan Coulson was voted a veritable little actor, and his costume—that of a darkey girl—one of the best in the room. Master Joe Syer made quite a sensation as a sturdy young shepherd; Miss Ethel Dickson, a lovable little Dame Durden, while little Gladys was the dearest little fairy imaginable. Another pretty little fairy was Miss Ethel Howe; two charming little Japanese were Miss Lizzie Alma and Miss Birdie Warren; Miss Ethel Stone, in red gauze, one of the prettiest costumes in the room, looked and danced to perfection the sprite she represented—a fairy queen; three pretty little flower girls were Miss Amy Ball, Miss Elsie Geddes and Miss Mabel Moore; Master Bob Harvey was a jolly young baker; Miss Flora Garrett, a sweet little Miss Muffit; Miss Florrie Howard made a perfect little milkmaid. Among the sailor boys were Master Clarence Russell, Master Ernest Dickson and a little dark-eyed fellow whose rich waves of brown hair and long curling eyelashes won admiration on all sides. Master Bertie Dickson made a very handsome Earl of Dudley; Mrs. Foy's little girl looked beautiful as night, in black gauze spangled with silver stars and crescents; a wee tot of Mrs. Webster's made a sweet little Dolly Varden; Master Aylmes Ogden represented cricket; Miss McGaw was the only ghost in the room; Miss Evelyn Dickson was a very captivating little French waiting maid; Miss Lansing Macrae, in white and ruby satin, made a charming tambourine girl; Master Ernie Dickson, a handsome little jockey. One of the handsomest and most lovable children in the room was a little fellow of about five, dressed in black velvet suit with white lace ruffles, large, soft, brown eyes and short curly hair. Among those who helped the little ones through the windings of the grand march and the dances which followed were: Miss Winnet and Miss Heward, who, as Japanese girls, looked very pretty and

(Continued on Page Twelve.)

USE Morse's Mottled, THE GREAT LAUNDRY SOAP



FREE FROM RESIN

TRY IT

WON'T SHRINK FLANNELS.

LABATT'S LONDON ALE AND STOUT

For Dietetic and Medicinal Use, the most wholesome tonics and beverages available.

Eight Medals and Ten Diplomas at the World's Great Exhibitions

JOHN LABATT

London, Ont.

GOLD MEDAL JAS. GOOD & CO., Agents, Toronto JAMAICA 1891

BRANTFORD LADIES' COLLEGE AND CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC

Rev. Principal Cavan, D.D., Visiting and Honorary Director.
Rev. Wm. Cochrane, D.D., Governor.
Mrs. Mary Reilly, Lady Principal.

The most numerously attended Presbyterian Ladies' College in Ontario, with a Faculty of 20 members, chiefly specialists.

RE OPENS SEPTEMBER 7, 1892

Applicants for admission or for Calendars will address REV. WM. COCHRANE, D.D., Governor.

UPPER CANADA COLLEGE (Founded 1829)

This College will re-open on

Tuesday, September 13

At 10 o'clock, for the enrolment of new pupils.

Staff of sixteen Masters. Classical, Science or Modern, Commercial, Musical and Art Departments fully equipped. Also facilities for thorough instruction in Physical Culture; Gymnasium, Cricket Fields. Large covered rink and quarter of a mile track in course of construction.

For prospectus apply to THE PRINCIPAL, Upper Canada College, Deer Park, Toronto, Ont.

July 22, 1892.

CENTRAL Business College

Cor. Yonge and Gerrard Streets, Toronto AND Cor. Market and Erie Streets, Stratford

Two High Grade Commercial Schools

The course of study is up to the highest standard of excellence. Business practice conducted between the two schools, thereby giving patrons a clearer insight into business methods and customs than has ever before been given in Canada.

Fall Term Begins Monday, September 5

Call at College or write for our large, handsome catalogue.

SHAW & ELLIOTT, Principals.

PRESBYTERIAN LADIES' COLLEGE

Bloor Street, opposite Queen's Park TORONTO

REOPENS SEPTEMBER 6, 1892

Preparatory classes prepared for High School entrance examinations. Matriculation and first year University work. Music Department in connection with Conservatory of Music. Art under the charge of T. Mower-Martin, R.C.A., Send for Calendar, giving full information and showing recent improvements.

T. M. MACINTYRE, M.A., LL.B., Ph.D.

Jacobs & Sparrow's Opera House

Week Commencing Monday, August 29

Matinees Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday

A. Y. PEARSON'S Great Realistic Melodrama

THE MIDNIGHT ALARM

Interpreted by a Select Company of Players. Produced with Beautiful Scenery.

The Great East River Wharf Scene
The Living Statue Clock
A Typical New Jersey Farm Scene
The Great Railroad Draw Bridge
Flight of the Lightning Express

THE MIDNIGHT ALARM

And Flight of a Genuine Fire Engine Drawn by Two Superb Horses.

Grand Opera House

OPENING OF THE SEASON

Monday, August 29

ONLY MATINEE SATURDAY

Sumptuous Production of the Glorious Comic Opera Success

TAR AND TARTAR

MUSIC BY ADAM ITZEL.
BOOK BY HARRY B. SMITH.

Illustrated by the Best Company Ever Seen in Opera.

Annie Myers — Wm Pruette
Matilde Cottrelly — Fred Frear
Louise Royce — Chas. Meyer
Annie Siglini — H. M. Ravenscroft

65 PEOPLE
AUGMENTED ORCHESTRA

MDCCCXCII.

Our complete and unrivaled stock of clothes for Fall and Winter is now ready for the inspection of our customers and the public generally.

We will be pleased to put aside any choice pattern selected before the line is broken.

HENRY A. TAYLOR
No. 1 Rossin House Block
Toronto, Ont.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RY.

WILL SELL

ROUND TRIP TICKETS FROM TORONTO TO

KINGSTON	AND RETURN	$4
OTTAWA	AND RETURN	$5
MONTREAL	AND RETURN	$7
QUEBEC	AND RETURN	$9

Good Going August 26, 27, 28, 29
Returning Until September 19

Tickets may be purchased at Montreal to PORTLAND, Me., and Return for $8 (route through the White Mountains by daylight) and to ST. ANDREWS, N.B., and Return for $15.

Tickets are good going August 22 and 23, returning until September 9.

Grand Excursion to Italy

By the elegant and palatial steamer "WERRA," of the Norddeutscher Lloyd Steamship Company.

LEAVING NEW YORK, OCTOBER 1st

Arriving in Genoa October 13, returning by the sister steamer "EMS" of the same line,

LEAVING GENOA NOVEMBER 9th

allowing 26 days in Italy, October and November, two finest months in year, to visit Italy. The accommodate will arrive in time to see the great festivities that "Genoa, la Superba" celebrates in honor of her son, Christopher Columbus, in commemoration of the

400th Anniversary of the Discovery of America

And the Italo-American Exhibition which closes in December. Chevalier A. M. F. Gianelli, who will accompany the party, has made arrangements that will result in making this excursion through Italy the most complete which has ever been organized on this side of the Atlantic.

A limited number of cabins have been secured for this excursion and will be kept on reserve up to the 20th of this month. Return tickets will be valid on any steamer of the North German Lloyd, via Southampton.

Price of return ticket, including first-class cabin passage and railway fares, first-class hotels, guides, carriages, etc., etc., $450.

For full particulars and explanatory circulars, address GIANELLI & CO., 37 Yonge Street, or 16 King Street West, Toronto, Ont.

FOR ROCHESTER

SS. CARMONA

This large and commodious electric-lighted side wheel steamer will ply between Toronto and Charlotte this season, leaving Toronto every

Tuesday and Thursday at 9 p.m.
Saturday at 10 p.m.

Making direct connections with Rochester for New York and all points East.

Returning, leaving Charlotte every

Wednesday, Friday and Sunday at 8 p.m.

This boat has large state room accommodation, fine cabin and every convenience for first-class passengers.

Tickets and freight rates may be obtained at

W. A. GEDDES, 80 Yonge Street, or on Wharf.

P. S.—Steamer open for charter (for excursions) on Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays.

Apply to— F. McINTYRE, 51 Yonge Street

ONLY 50 CENTS

To St. Catharines and Return

Every afternoon for balance of season by Steamer

GARDEN CITY

Leaving at 2 p.m.

Morning boat, leaving at 7 a.m., return fare 75c.

Queen's Royal Hotel

NIAGARA-ON-THE-LAKE

NOW OPEN FOR THE SEASON

This beautiful summer resort is a branch of the Queen's Hotel, Toronto. It is situated in a private park on the shore of Lake Ontario and the mouth of the Niagara River. Hops every Saturday evening during the season. For terms and illustrated circular apply to

HODGINS & WINNETT,
Queen's Royal, Niagara-on-the-Lake.

PROF. DAVIDSON

The Famous Chiropodist and Manicure

Has again established himself on King Street. Those troubled with Corns, Bunions and Ingrowing Nails should call and see the professor at

49 King Street West, Room 7

The Lion Monument at Lucerne.

An interesting ceremony took place at Lucerne on Sunday, August 7, when the one hundredth anniversary of the massacre of the Swiss Guards at the Tuileries was celebrated. Every visitor to Lucerne knows the famous monument (the Lowendenkmal) executed in the living rock from Thorwaldsen's design. It represents a lion of colossal size, wounded to death, with a spear in his side, yet endeavoring in his last gasp to protect from injury a shield bearing the *fleur-de-lis* of the Bourbons, which he holds in his paws. Though the centenary was celebrated

on Sunday, August 7, the actual massacre took place on August 10 (1792). "We are Swiss, and the Swiss never surrender their arms but with their lives," were the proud words said to have been used by the Swiss mercenaries. "*Helvetiorum fidei ac virtuti*" is the legend on the monument, and the fidelity and bravery of the Swiss Guards, mercenaries though they were, formed the subject of enthusiastic discourses on Sunday. There was a procession through the streets of Lucerne, and a large number of spectators, including many tourists, afterwards assembled at the monument.

Out of Town.

(Continued from Page Eleven.)

picturesque; Mr. Herbert Syer, gorgeous in green and yellow satin as a King's jester; Miss Henderson, prettily and artistically draped in a large Union Jack, and carrying a smaller one in her hand; Mrs. Winnett, who represented simply the gracious hostess of the evening; Mr. F. Ball and Mr. Huron Rock. There were a number of other beautiful costumes in the room, among them that of Autumn, a white muslin with bunches of golden wheat caught here and there over the skirt and waving from the fair hair of the pretty little wearer. A dainty supper at 10:30 and Sir Roger de Coverley brought the happy evening to an end.

Mr. Ernest Ball is spending the holidays in town.

Miss Amy Ball made a very charming little Ophelia at the children's ball on Tuesday evening. Miss Viola Geddes also wore a very effective gypsy dress of crimson and black.

Mr. J. Geale Dickson left for England on Tuesday evening. GALATEA.

HAMILTON.

Mrs. and Miss Crawford have just returned from a delightful trip to Scotland, where they have spent a year and a half enjoying the society of their many friends in that far-off country.

Mr. A. O. Beatty has returned from his holidays, which were spent between Muskoka and Montreal.

Rumor has it that no less than thirty *debutantes* will make their appearance as buds in society circles this coming season. Hence we will look for a feast of gaiety.

Miss Jean Hobson left last week for the Pines, Lake Joseph, the residence of Mrs. Watson, where there is a very jolly house party I believe.

There was a very pretty house wedding last Wednesday at the residence of Dr. Rennie (brother of the bride). Miss Gertrude Rennie was married to Mr. A. Thompson of Montreal. The bride wore a very handsome Japanese silk, the gift of her brother in Japan, who had it woven expressly for her, and the usual veil and orange blossoms. The groom's gift was a very pretty gold watch. Miss Lizzie Gillespie acted as bridesmaid, and Mr. W. Thompson, brother of the groom, was best man. A very enjoyable breakfast was partaken of by the guests, and the bride and groom left amidst cheering, old shoes and rice. The young couple will reside in Montreal.

Mrs. George and the Misses Mills have returned from Penson's, Lake Rosseau.

Mrs. George Thomson is summering at Penson's, Muskoka.

Miss May Walker of Toronto spent a few days in town last week, the guest of Mrs. James Osborne of Berkimer street.

Miss Macleath of London is the guest of her sister, Mrs. Worthington, Hamilton Beach.

Mrs. E. B. Smith of London, and her brother, Mr. Harley Brown, are the guests of Mrs. Adam Brown of Hughson street.

Mrs. Arthur Gates and the Misses McInnes returned home last week from Muskoka, where they were the guests of Mrs. Henry McLaren.

Mrs. Counsell and Miss Marion Counsell are the guests of Mrs. Barker, Oak Island, Lake Rosseau.

Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Sanford have returned from Muskoka.

Mr. George E. Gates has returned home, having spent two delightful weeks at Old Orchard Beach.

Miss Bessie Leggat is the guest of Mrs. Watson, Lake Joseph.

Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Hendrie were summoned to Kingston very suddenly last Saturday to the death-bed of Mrs. Hendrie's brother, Dr. Henderson, of that place. Much sympathy is expressed for Mrs. Hendrie in her bereavement.

Last Friday evening a most delightful German was held at the Yacht Club by the ladies at the Beach for the younger girls and boys. The beautiful ball-room was most artistically arranged with bull rushes, golden rod, fans, green grasses, and over the favor table a large Japanese umbrella was erected. Mrs. Frank Macleod, Mrs. Calder, Mrs. Vallance, and Mrs. Barwick of Toronto looked after the arrangements, and at half-past eight the room presented a brilliant appearance. The tanned though bright and merry faces and pretty frocks and the white flannels of the boys combined to add to the beauty of the scene. There were ten figures and forty young people. The favors were exceedingly pretty, and all went home, I am sure, delighted. The boat left for Hamilton at ten o'clock, and it was still in progress. The leaders were: Miss Gartshore, Miss Dunlop, Mr. Leggat and Mr. H. Gales.

Mrs. F. H. Mills and Miss Taylor are spending a week or two at Niagara Falls.

Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Ramsay have returned from the Beach, where they spent three delightful weeks.

Mr. W. A. Spratt has met with a most painful accident and is now in St. Joseph's Hospital for six weeks at the least. He slipped on the floor last Sunday at the Yacht Club, Hamilton Beach, and broke his knee joint and several ligaments. He was brought to Hamilton on Sunday evening and is now progressing as well as can be expected.

There is great excitement in tennis circles this week over the Association Meeting. Some splendid playing was witnessed, but I shall give a full account of this again. I believe a dance is to be given on Friday in honor of the visiting players. SYLVIA.

GODERICH.

Mr. Harvey of the Bank of Montreal here has gone to St. John, New Brunswick.

Judge and Mrs. McHugh of Windsor are spending a few weeks enjoying the beauties of Huron's shore at this point.

Rev. Mr. Orr of Mono Mills is spending his vacation with his parents.

Rev. Dr. Ure kindly filled the pulpit of the North street Methodist church on Sunday last, taking for his text Hebrews iv., 15 and 15.

The Misses Mitchell, daughters of Mr. C. W. Mitchell, proprietor *Free Press*, Ottawa, are the guests of their grandmamma, Mrs. Agnes Mitchell.

Dr. Hunter has returned from a short visit to his home at Newcastle, Ont.

Mr. Van Rossem has returned to Chicago. Mrs. Van Rossem will remain a few weeks later.

The Josie Mills Concert Company gave an outdoor concert on the Square on Tuesday evening.

A New Venture.

Messrs. Shaw & Elliott, for the past six years principals and proprietors of the Central Business College, Stratford, have recently acquired premises in this city. These, the finest devoted to the purposes of a business college in Canada, are situated in the Yonge street Market, cor. Yonge and Gerrard streets, and are elegantly fitted up. The lighting, heating and ventilation are all that could be desired. With two excellent colleges located in different cities, but under the same management, students in each school are offered the important advantage of direct co-operative work. Thus the students in Stratford College will buy, sell and transact general business in varied lines with their fellow-students in Toronto. The Toronto College opens on Monday, September 5.

They Would Drop.

"Why do birds in their little nests agree?" asked the pretty school-ma'am of Freddy Pangle.

"'Cause they'd fall out if they didn't," Freddy replied.

Slang Idealized.

"Mercy!" cried Juliet. "This glove is tight."

"I, too, should be intoxicated," rapturously responded Romeo, "were I a glove upon that hand."

His Privileges.

No wonder the baseball umpire is stuck up. He is the only man on the field who can make an error and put the runner out at the same time.

CHINA HALL

(ESTABLISHED 1864)

49 King Street East, Toronto

New Doulton Vases
New Royal Crown Derby
New Royal Worcester
New Copeland China
New Coalport China
New Wedgwood China
New printed goods in Dinner, Dessert and Tea Sets
New Glass Table Decorations Primrose, Heliotrope, Emerald, Lily of the Valley.

A few choice pieces for Decorating from Doulton's in Ornaments, Cups and Saucers, Bon Bons, &c.

GLOVER HARRISON ESTATE
IMPORTERS

PARK LIVERY

173 and 175 McCaul Street

Victorias, Coupes, etc. Fine Horses and Carriages, with careful Drivers in Livery.

TELEPHONE 732 W. J. MUNSHAW Prop.

MEDICAL.

ANDERSON & BATES
Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat Specialists
Telephone 2022. No. 5 College Street, Toronto.

DR. PALMER
40 College Street
Telephone 3190. 3rd Door from Yonge Street.

MARRIAGE LICENSES.

SAMUEL J. REEVES, Issuer of Marriage licenses, 601 Queen St. West, between Portland and Bathurst Sts. No witnesses required. Open from 8 a.m. to 10 p.m. Residence, 253 Bathurst St.

GEO. EAKIN, Issuer of Marriage Licenses
Court House, Adelaide Street
and 145 Carlton Street

DENTISTRY.

DR. A. F. WEBSTER, Dental Surgeon
Gold Medallist in Practical Dentistry R. C. D. S.
Office—N. E. cor. Yonge and Bloor, Toronto. Tel. 3863.

NOTICE OF REMOVAL

DR. FRANK E. CRYSLER
DENTIST
249 McCaul St., a few doors south of College
Telephone 2347.

M. W. SPARROW, L.D.S., Dental Surgeon
Central Dental Parlors
N. W. Cor. Spadina Avenue and Queen Street, Toronto.
Special attention paid to painless operating.

DRS. BALL & ZIEGLER (Successors to Dr. Hipkins). Rooms suite 23, Arcade, cor. Yonge and Gerrard Streets. Dr. Hipkins will be associated with his successors for a time. Hours 9 to 5. Tel. 2232.

MOTHERS

USE HOWARTH'S

Carminative Mixture

This medicine is superior to any other for Summer Complaint, Diarrhoea, Cramps, and Pain in the Stomach and Bowels, and any other disorder of the bowels of infants occasioned by teething or other causes. Gives rest and quiet nights to mothers and nurses. Prepared only by

S. HOWARTH - Druggist
243 Yonge Street, Toronto, Ont.
Established 1849 Telephone 1359

BINGHAM'S
Improved
CHLORODYNE
An agreeable, sure and quick remedy for
CHOLERA, CRAMPS, DIARRHŒA, DYSENTERY, SEA SICKNESS, SUMMER COMPLAINT
100 YONGE STREET

The Cradle, the Altar and the Tomb

Births.

LILLIE—August 22, Mrs. John Lillie—a daughter.
ELIOT—August 21, Mrs. Granville F. Eliot—a son.
GORDON—August 19, Mrs. W. Gordon, jr.—a son.
HOLGATE—August 19, Mrs. Henry Holgate—a son.
BUCKLAND—August 12, Mrs. H. G. Buckland—a daughter.
RITCHIE—August 17, Mrs. George Ritchie—a son.
MARTIN—August 17, Mrs. John M. Martin—a son.
HORTON—August 20, Mrs. E. E. Horton—a son.
MACKAY—August 20, Mrs. William Mackay—a son.
STOCKWELL—August 18, Mrs J. W. Stockwell—a daughter.
SCOTT—August 17, Mrs. Bert Scott—a daughter.

Marriages.

CHILD—STODDART—On August 24, at St. Margaret's, by the Rev. R. J. Moore, Pettie Adelaide, second daughter of John Stoddart, of this city, to Harold John, eldest son of Mr. John L. Child, of London, England.
MCKOUN—ENRIGHT—August 22, William James McKoun to Sarah Frances Enright.
TAYLOR—HUNTER—August 22, Edward A. Taylor to Isabella Fullerton Hunter.
SINCLAIR—BROWN—August 22, D. J. Sinclair to Maggie Bruce Brown.
LAWSON—ROSS—August 10, W. B. Lawson to Ada E. Ross.
ALLEN—DUNSTAN—August 17, Samuel Hawley Allen to Ethelind Perryn Dunstan.
GRAY—CHARLES—August 9, George Gray to Lucy Charles.
NICHOLSON—EDMONDS—August 18, George Nicholson to M. A. W. Edmonds.
BISLEY—BRIGGS—August 18, M. J. Bisley to Varina Briggs.
GAULE—MELLIS—August 17, Rev. William Gaule to Gretta Mellis.

Deaths.

BROWNE—August 23, Laura Kate Browne.
ROSS—August 17, John Ross, aged 60.
HOLBROOK—August 13, George Holbrook, aged 16.
THOMPSON—August 16, Henry Thompson, aged 74.
CULVER—August 18, Abraham B. Culver, aged 71.
DAVIES—August 21, Alice Bloore Davies, aged 29.
KERR—August 24, Dr. William Kerr, aged 20.
HOLLAND—August 22, Robert Holland, aged 4.
BYRNE—August 21, Sister Mary Ma. Carmel Byrne.
LINDER—August 13, Capt. Elias Linder, aged 77.
ARNOLD—August 22, E. Arnold, aged 72.
ARNOLD—August 21, H. Arnold, aged 72.
COOLEY—August 22, Annie Cooley, aged 25.
DAVIS—August 20, Alfred E. Davis, aged 46.
GEDDES—August 22, Henry Kynaston Geddes.
MARSH—August 17, Charles Wilgress Marsh.
YIELDING—August 22, William Arthur Yielding.
TAYLOR—August 21, Henrietta Taylor, aged 45.
ZIMMERMAN—August 18, Johnston Zimmerman.
SCOTT—August 19, Annie M. Scott, aged 61
WOODS—August 21, Michael Woods, aged 22.
DOLLAR—August 17, John M. Dollar, aged 46.
CALVER—August 18, Abraham E. Calver, aged 71.
CHAMPNEY—August 17, George Champney, aged 53.
GARDNER—August 22, George G. Gardner, aged 16.

A choice selection of new designs in WHITE CHINA for decorating.
WEDDING GIFTS A SPECIALTY
WILLIAM JUNOR
Telephone 2177. 169 King Street West

J. YOUNG
THE LEADING UNDERTAKER
347 Yonge Street, Toronto
TELEPHONE 679.

Mason & Risch Pianofortes

Are the Instruments of the Cultured
32 King St. West TORONTO

HEINTZMAN & CO.

MANUFACTURERS OF

PIANOFORTES

GRAND SQUARE UPRIGHT

Their thirty-six years' record the best guarantee of the excellence of their instruments.

Our written guarantee for five years accompanies each Piano.

SEND FOR OUR ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE

Warerooms: - - 117 King Street West, Toronto

UNIVERSALLY acknowledged to be the best for all dressmaking and domestic purposes where a silk thread is required. See that the end of the spool bears the brand

Cortecelli

On sale by leading dealers everywhere.

Don't Fail TO PUT THE PARISIAN STEAM LAUNDRY On Your List—"Island" or City
Works, 67 to 71 Adelaide Street West
Branch Office, 93 Yonge Street 'Phone 1127

COAL - AND WOOD LOWEST PRICES

ELIAS ROGERS & Co.

BUY THE

Celebrated Lehigh Valley COAL FROM THE ONTARIO COAL CO.

GENERAL OFFICE: Esplanade, Foot of Church Street.
BRANCH OFFICES: 818 Yonge Street, 10 King Street East, Queen Street West and Subway, Corner Bathurst Street and C. P. R'y.